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EDITORIAL

Bad manners

WE'RE a rude lot nowadays. That is the verdict of old people, who always sigh for the days of their own youth. But they really do have something to complain about this time. In the increasing rush and scurry of modern life, manners are slumping.

Townsfolk in particular often meet an annoying parade of little discourtesies from morning until night. It starts in the bus queue, once well-behaved and unselfish. Nowadays the queue too often breaks into a ruthless scrum when the bus slows up alongside.

Inside the bus—or train—it is rare to see a man give up his seat to a woman.

IN shops, if three people line up at a counter a fourth will hurry in and try to get served first.

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI
"Behave yourselves!"

Telephone callers, made fractious by a moment's delay, vent their ill-temper on innocent operators, secretaries or the unfortunate officials of inquiry offices.

Bad manners spread into leisure, too. The blaring radio next door, the shouting, laughing and hullabaloo of late parties, all make other people suffer.

In the cinema there is a whole set of common rudenesses. The man who enters a row swinging his coat so as to brush across the heads of everyone in the next row, the talkers, whisperers, plot-explainers and cracklers of paper bags. . . .

EMINENT conductors such as Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir John Barbirolli are stung to hit back at the bad-mannered. Sir Thomas has long been famous for his rebukes to opera and concert latecomers. Sir John does this and also castigates people who applaud in the wrong places.

"Behave yourselves!" he exclaimed at Covent Garden. And he might well have been addressing all of us.

On the roads, discourtesy is carried to the point of causing danger. Mr. George Scott, president of Cockermouth, Cumberland, Rural Safety Organization, says: "Passing through London, I found the discourtesy shown by all types of drivers to each other really amazing."

UP in Mr. Scott's own Cumberland there is trouble, too. It is part of the Lakes National Park where, says Lord Silkin, "One can hardly believe so much litter exists in the world. People seem to bring it from home specially to leave in the National Park areas."

This is a good year to make a general national effort to polish up our declining manners. If schools, homes, road-users and all who work in public co-operate, we could soon return to civility without any loss of efficiency.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

FOR hours the crowds have waited outside Buckingham Palace, cheering and singing. At last there is a movement in the room behind the balcony—a room furnished by Queen Mary with Chinese silks and embroideries. William Little has painted Queen Elizabeth in Grenadier Guards uniform after the Trooping the Colour ceremony, as she moves with her children towards the balcony—the setting for great occasions during five reigns.

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FREE SPEECH

The secret of a fuller life

LIKE most people I live an ordered life. I rise at the same time each morning, catch the same train to work, get home at the same time in the evenings. The other day, I missed one of my regular fellow passengers. He reappeared two weeks later, looking happier and more alert.

"Been on holiday?" I asked him. "No," he replied, "but I've done the next best thing." He told me that he catches a different train each morning, and walks through the park before reaching his office. He plays tennis or visits a museum in the lunch hour, and attends a debating society on one or two evenings a week. "I've climbed out of the rut," he claims, "and I feel better for it. My doctor agrees that I'm right. He says that many people are only half alive these days." Several of us are going to try the magic cure ourselves.—A. J., Bromley, Kent.

Baby's Carriage

MRS. E. S. of Watford should realize that the people who get in the way of her pram ("Free Speech," May 16) have more right on the pavement than she has. A pram is a vehicle, and should by law be pushed along the road. By all means fit it with a hooter, but keep it in the proper place.—F. A. HORNE, Arterial Road, Grays, Essex.

"A 1951 court case held that a pram is included in the 1872 Licensing Act's definition of a carriage," says a lawyer. "Presumably, a pram should technically obey the law on carriages—such as by carrying a light at night."

Another Name

IN a shop window I saw a card-full of articles labelled "Cylinder Flageolets." They were tin whistles. The makers might have added: "Made of Llanelly silver."—W. L. SYNOTT, Salisbury Street, Belfast, N. Ireland.

"Llanelly silver" is another name for tin.

The Squatter

WE plan to get married as soon as the house being built for us is finished. But a robin has made her nest in an inside wall, and sits on her eggs undisturbed by the builders. The walls have now been plastered — except for the hole where the nest is. We are reluctant to evict this sitting tenant, but until she moves out we can't move in.—R. H. and MISS S. McS., Leicester.

On The Beat

AS a former War Reserve Constable who worked the so-called discretionary-beat system, I take off my hat to Chief Constable Paterson of Salford for making police work interesting (JOHN BULL, May 9). We had to choose a series of points between one patrol box and another, and report the choice to the control-room. We had to stick to them, come what may. Ample time was allowed between points—twenty minutes for a thirty-house street was not uncommon—and the result was extreme boredom. Salford has banished the boredom, the waste of time and money, and the pettifogging discipline for discipline's sake.—EX-SHEFFIELD Police War Reserve, Rutland.

Glove Trophy

YOUR photograph of the old Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert reminded me that when I was at King Edward's School at Witley in Surrey, twenty-five years ago, we played a team from the yacht at cricket every year. The trophy was a lady's kid glove. A legend says that it was dropped at one of the first games to be played between the teams. Suitably framed, it has passed between the teams for years. It was still being played for up to the war. — REGINALD S. PERRY, Woodside Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

The matches began in 1913 and were suspended during the wars. "We hold the glove at present," says the games master of King Edward's school. "We hope to renew the challenge with the crew of the new Royal Yacht, Britannia, next year. Two matches are played each year—one at Portsmouth, and the other at Witley."

Public Relations

IN this small country town, the German tradespeople do much to encourage customers. When I bought a length of material recently, the girl at the cash-desk took a gaily painted rubber ball, and gave it to my small son. In another shop, free children's magazines advertise the wares. The baker always has a tray of freshly baked biscuits to hand round to his young friends.—ARMY WIFE, H.Q.1, (G.B.) Corps, B.A.O.R. 1, Bad Oeynhausen, Germany.

Listen And Learn

ON practically every schoolday in the year, the B.B.C. broadcasts special programmes for schools. Yet in all my years at school I can never recall a master making use of them. On my days away from school, I have found these programmes varied and interesting. — SIXTH FORMER, Cheetham, Manchester, Lancashire.

The Schools Broadcasting Council estimates that just over 25,000 of the country's 37,000 schools listen in. On June 1, every school gets a programme for the following year, and is invited to register for the series. While the B.B.C. looks after the production of the programmes, the council is concerned with the study side and contact with the audiences.

Century To Come

THAT fine cricketer Godfrey Evans has not yet scored a century against Australia (JOHN BULL, May 23). Wilfred Greatorex presumably refers to his century against the West Indies at Old Trafford in 1950. Then, England lost five wickets for eighty-eight runs, and Evan's score of 104 played a great part in England's victory. — FRANK EASTWOOD, Moss Lane West, Old Trafford, Manchester 16.

Evans at Old Trafford

Collectors' Cards

AS a small boy one of my keenest joys was collecting cigarette cards. All the youngsters eagerly sought the card they needed to complete their current set. What is the objection to cigarette cards today? They had an undisputed educational value. — HENRY L. G. HEATH, Hamilton Road, Reading, Berkshire.

The main objection is cost. Since cigarette cards were discontinued because of the war, both the cost of colour printing and of the card itself has greatly increased. One or two firms are producing cards again, mainly in one colour.

Bad Company

I MIXED some Irish buttercups with other flowers in a vase. They drooped dejectedly until I put them on their own. Do some flowers prefer their own company? — MRS. SARAH HASTINGS, Broughton Beck, Ulverston, Lancashire.

"It's a fact that some flowers have a toxic effect on others," says JOHN BULL'S *gardening adviser. "Poppies, for example, should be on their own. It's a question of trial and error."*

Personal Choice

I CALL my husband by the nickname a friend used when he introduced us years ago, but his family naturally use his baptismal name. Now history repeats itself: my eldest son prefers his second name—as do his friends. We parents waste time choosing what *we* consider are suitable names. The choice should be left to our offspring when they grow up. — MRS. L. G. M., Plymouth, Devon.

Wheel Craft

AFTER reading Cledwyn Hughes's story "A Wheel For A Queen" (JOHN BULL, April 25), I saw a television programme showing two craftsmen shrinking an iron tyre on to a wheel. Because of the story, I appreciated the wheelwright's art even more. — F. J. HINES, Meldon Road, Manchester 13.

A new story by Cledwyn Hughes appears on page ten. His new book, "The Northern Marches," will be published on June 17 by Robert Hale Ltd.

Coming soon—a new JOHN BULL series

The inside story of

DARTMOOR PRISON

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply

He had plenty of hair *4 years ago –*

BUT HE IGNORED WARNING SIGNS!

ONE DAY *you* may be in this position — and probably will — unless you are prepared to be intelligent about the care of your hair!

Loss of hair seems to come so suddenly. At one stage in your life you have plenty of hair. Then, a few short years later, you have the hair-line of an old man. This is a common, unhappy experience.

But loss of hair rarely occurs without warning, except in cases of scalp disease; such cases must be left strictly to a medical authority. In all other cases of thinning hair, a reasonable amount of care should prevent further deterioration.

This photograph was taken in March 1949. Less than four years later, deterioration in hair-health had reached the stage shown in the photograph above.

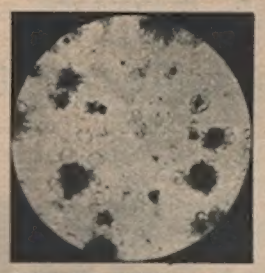
THE WARNING SIGNS

If recession has already begun (and it usually sets in over the temples or at the back of the cranium) there is no excuse whatever for neglect. But the *first* warnings are less obvious; the signs to watch for are *heavy dandruff; over-oiliness; loss of life and lustre in your hair;* or an *excessive amount of hair coming out on your brush and comb.* When you are aware of these symptoms, your hair needs treating with Silvikrin, because *Silvikrin gets at the principal cause of falling hair* — starvation of hair roots (as well as inhibition of hair growth caused by dandruff or by excessive grease on the scalp).

The Secret of Hair Growth

Hair is a living structure of your body. Like all living tissue it is built from protein. The protein which builds hair is known as Keratin. And Keratin, in its turn, is built from even smaller units called amino-acids, eighteen of them.

Some of these hair-forming amino-acids can be made inside the body; but 10 *must* come from outside the body. These, known as 'essential' amino-acids, are tryptophane (see photograph inset), lysine, histidine, phenylalanine, leucine, isoleucine, methionine, valine, threonine, arginine. If even one of them is missing, your hair will be ill-formed, or even not formed at all.



This is a photograph of tryptophane, magnified many times. What is tryptophane? Unless you can answer that, you cannot look after your hair intelligently. Unless your body is supplied with it, you won't have any hair at all.

Silvikrin contains *all* the 18 amino-acids vital for healthy hair growth. Massaged into the scalp, Silvikrin penetrates down the hair follicles and nourishes the hair roots. That is why Silvikrin is of fundamental importance in the intelligent care of your hair.

For thinning hair, Pure Silvikrin should be applied night and morning, with the addition of a little Silvikrin Lotion with Oil if the hair is dry, or Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion if the scalp is too oily.

Dandruff

Dandruff is highly contagious. A yeast-like organism is always present, and there is much evidence that it is responsible for the disease. An inflammatory process can follow the onset of dandruff, which, if allowed to continue, results in extensive thinning of the hair. Where dandruff is the principal symptom, shampoo your hair weekly with a Silvikrin Shampoo. Massage the scalp for at least two minutes night and morning with Silvikrin Lotion with Oil. In severe cases, use Pure Silvikrin.

Oily Scalp

Another condition which needs watching is an oily scalp. This occurs when the oil-producing glands of the scalp are too active. As a result they become swollen with fatty material frequently containing colonies of bacteria which affect the mechanism of hair growth and eventually lead to thinning hair.

The remedy for this condition is first to keep your hair really clean, free from excessive grease, with a Silvikrin Shampoo at least once a week. Massage for two minutes night and morning with Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion. In severe cases use Pure Silvikrin.

The golden rules

The three inflexible rules of hair health, then, are these: keep the hair clean; maintain the tone of the scalp; feed the hair roots.

Silvikrin products are based on these rules. Regular use of a Silvikrin shampoo keeps your hair so clean that the very texture of your hair is improved; massage with a Silvikrin Lotion removes dandruff and leaves your scalp tingling with health; and Pure Silvikrin is a concentrated solution of the substances which form new healthy hairs — the hair's natural food.

Ask yourself today

Are you satisfied with the condition of *your* hair? Will you be satisfied with your hair *in four years' time!* Even if your hair is in perfect condition, use a Silvikrin shampoo — and a Silvikrin hair dressing. Not only are they of the very highest quality — but they contain *Pure Silvikrin.* They are a pleasant precaution against hair trouble developing in the future. If there is clearly something wrong with your hair start with Silvikrin *today!*

Pure Silvikrin 11/3. Silvikrin Lotion with Oil (the 'right-style' hair dressing) and Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion both 2/6 and 4/4½. Silvifix Hair Cream 4/-. Silvikrin Shampoos are available in Powder, Liquid and Cream form.

The facts about your hair. The scientific facts about hair growth are remarkable — and every intelligent man and woman should know something about them. You will find interest and benefit in reading 'The Book of the Hair' — a 36-page booklet published by Silvikrin. If you would like a copy, write to Silvikrin Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. JB3), County Building, Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex, enclosing 7½d. in stamps.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

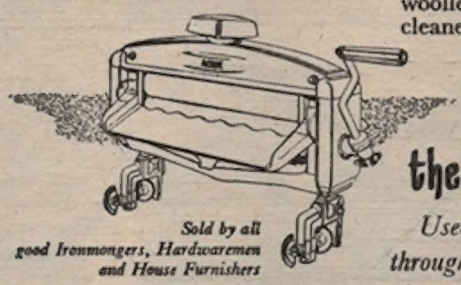
SP20

How old is a sheet?

Some sheets begin to look old when they're quite new. Others go on looking new for many years. It all depends on the care they get — and that goes for all your household linens, blankets, curtains, clothing. So if you want your things to live to a young old age, leave them to the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.

* * * *

It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! Acme pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded dirt along with the surplus water . . . while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottons, linens, woollens — comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



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through the full-size inner glass door. You can see exactly what's going on inside the oven without losing heat or spoiling the food—Belling Visible Cooking is the modern way. It's easy, it's economical, it makes cooking a pleasure.

No. 47AB. £32.5.0. Full-size inner glass door—armour plate, steam free and exclusive to Belling. Very big oven with automatic heat control—just set it and leave it. Large hob with 8" boiling plate controlled by simmerstat, 6½" boiling plate and 10½" x 8" combined grill-boiler. Large hotcupboard for plates and food. Finished in sparkling cream or white vitreous enamel. Without inner glass door £29.17.6. Without glass door and 6½" plate (No. 46A) £27.15.0.

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SKIN AILMENT ON HANDS

Read letter from Mr. W. B., of Sheffield
18th Sept., 1952

Dear Sirs,
A month ago I cut my finger and got a germ under the skin. My hands began peeling and were almost too sore to work with. . . . My wife advised GERMOLENE, and thanks to your wonderful ointment . . . I was able to carry on working. Now they are completely healed and instead of losing work . . . I have kept going . . ."
(signed) *W. B.*

GERMOLENE relieves the pain, irritation and embarrassment of skin troubles. It soothes at a touch, stops the itching and irritation, draws out impurities, protects against the entry of harmful germs, and assists healing.

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Pickle your own garden produce

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SARSON'S VINEGAR

Sarson's **Spiced** Vinegar saves time, trouble and money. Ready for immediate use.

FINEST MALT

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN: Harry Hopkins reports...

A TALE OF TWO CITIES IN ONE

There is the bustling Salisbury of the markets and tourists; and the quiet of the cathedral close. Walk down the High Street, through a stone gateway—and you are in a world apart

GREEN AND SMOOTH and rounded, the inner citadel of Old Sarum rose out of its encircling moat, a crown set atop the vast plateau-topped mound. The footprints of four thousand years lay upon this ancient hill-fort; but, perched upon the massive outer earthwork, something wholly contemporary caught the eye — a concrete pillbox.

In a tunnel underneath that pillbox had lain in 1940 the army's anti-invasion headquarters, linked by telephone with outposts deployed around Southampton. Exactly 870 years before that, beneath this same hill, William the Conqueror had reviewed and then disbanded his victorious army—the last successful invaders in England's history.

There was a workmanlike Office of Works bridge over the moat, a neat Office of Works "Ancient Monument" sign and, on the farther side, a stout Office of Works hut inside which Herbert Baker, Office of Works custodian here for twenty-five years, was brewing up his tea, pausing in the midst of this critical operation to receive my sixpence and issue my ticket.

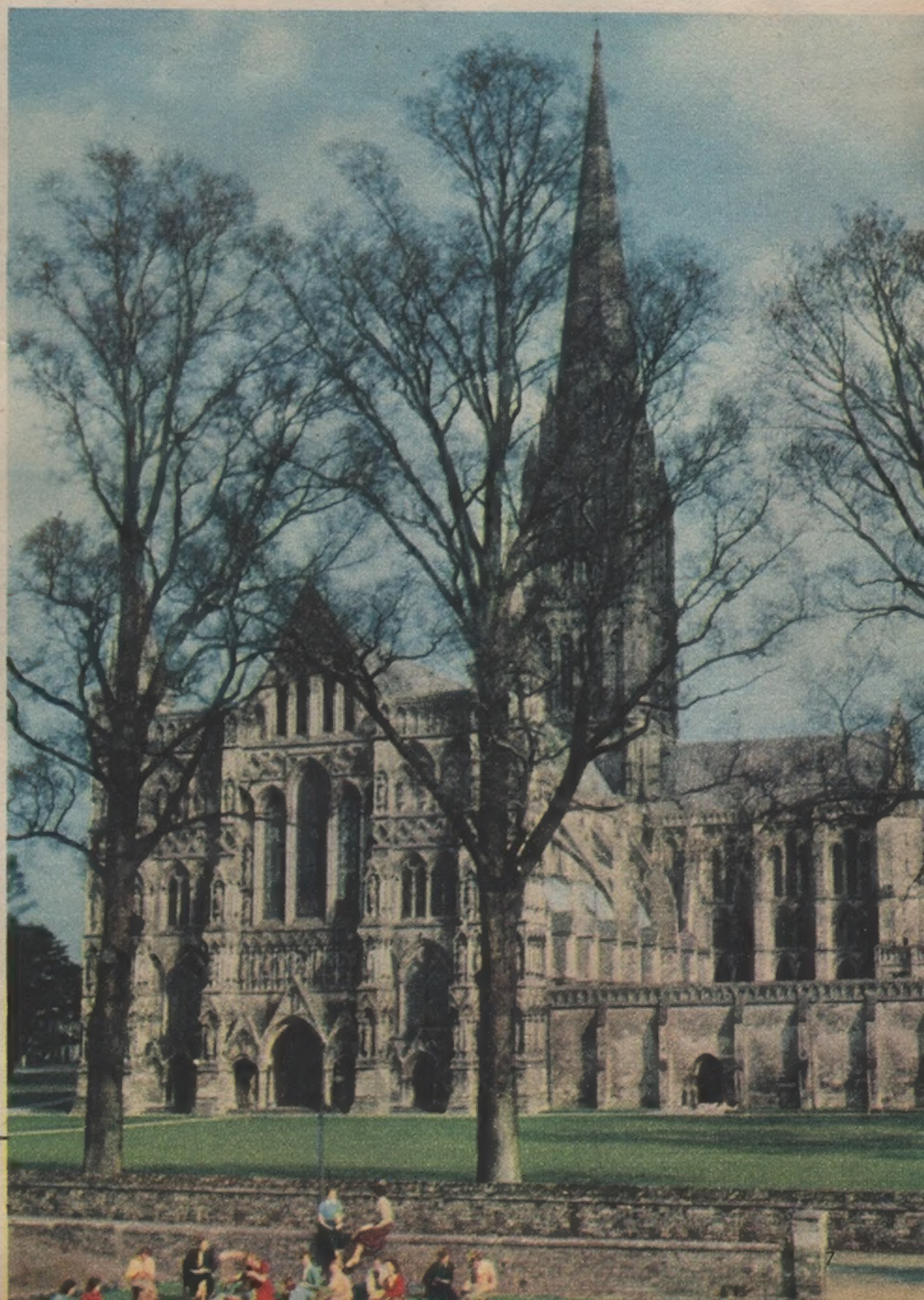
Out Of The Workaday Rut

Remains of hefty Norman walls, flints embedded in cement, rose jaggedly around us. They rose from a carpet of grass, smooth, green and beautiful. "Yes," said Herbert Baker proudly, "the nicest bit of turf, that, in the south of England." When he had arrived in 1927, he explained, the old castle had been overgrown with rough grass and moss. "Fifty bags of moss we got out," he said. "Big bags, too. The stuff wouldn't burn. Had to take it away in lorries."

An odd sort of life, being custodian of an ancient hill-fort. Lonely and wind-swept in winter; tourist-ridden for eleven hours a day in summer. Yet Herbert Baker remained an enthusiast for his ancient monument. For, up here on this venerable and monstrous mound, one felt lifted out of the rut of workaday existence; one gained vision.

Looking out from the top of these great encircling earthworks, piled higher through the centuries, over these rolling hills so oddly called Salisbury Plain, over those long, smooth ridges with the trees bristling on the skyline, one felt that one was looking over the spaces not of distance only, but also of time.

On those hilltops were to be seen Stone Age encampments and burial mounds. Down these



"The unreality of near perfection": Salisbury's 13th-century cathedral, with its world-famed spire

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

One half of Salisbury's livelihood: its market. Tourists thronging the city during summer provide the other half

Herbert Baker, custodian of Old Sarum, shows a visitor round. It was here that William the Conqueror, last successful invader of England, disbanded his army

long valleys had marched Ancient Britons and Roman legions, Saxon bands, Danish horses and Norman battalions. In this flux of time and space, the English nation had been formed.

"No, John, that's drinking water—you *never* throw people down there!" Clear across the green mound came the paternal voice, firm but patient. Below, in the inner bailey of the ruined castle, a small boy was gazing excitedly down the stone-walled well, near the space marked "kitchen" on the plan.

Trek That Founded A City

On the flat green platform of the outer mound, the grass had been cut back to expose the outlines of nave and choir—all that remains of Salisbury's first cathedral, built by Bishop Osmund, the Conqueror's nephew. What with castle and cloisters and townsfolk's houses, it had been crowded up here on this windy hill-top. Hardly to be wondered at that, as Holinshed tells in his *Chronicles Of England,* the "souldiers of the castell and the chanons of Old Sarum fell at odds inasmuch that often after Brawles they fell at last to Sadde blowes. . . ."

Matters finally came to a head. On April 28, in the year 1220, the fourth bishop, Richard Poore, led the clergy, barefooted and chanting a litany, out from the cathedral on the hill and down to the water-meadows of the Avon a mile and a half below. There, in the presence of a great concourse, he laid the foundation stones of a new cathedral—the first stone for the Pope, the next for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the third for himself.

The people followed the clergy down the hill and, around the rising cathedral, Salisbury began to grow, a chequerboard across the water-girt meadows. It has been growing—and prospering—ever since.

Out of the mist that hung in the valley below, detaching itself from the greyness, came up the delicate spire of Salisbury Cathedral, the unforgettable spire of so many Constable paintings, the spire all the world knows. Down the roads into the city, from Andover and Amesbury and Warminster and Devizes and all the villages of the five river valleys, rolled the red double-decker buses, loaded with soldiers and farmers and farm labourers and their wives.

For this is market day. On Wednesday, closing day, the place is like a city of the dead. On Tuesday and Saturday the streets are jammed. Pavements overflow. One sees then what Dr. Thomas Sharp meant when, presenting Salisbury's new town plan, he reported that "the times have overtaken the city."

Sharp proposed a series of new roads to untie these traffic knots. But ask almost anyone in Salisbury what he thinks about these plans and you will get an almost impassioned "Nonsense!" And, in a way, one can see their point.

For Salisbury and modern planning are contradictions in terms. Its whole charm, the feeling of a difference in tempo and texture one gets immediately one enters the place, the tempo of growth rather than the tempo of the news-reel, stems from its supreme casualness—the way in which its buildings, of all materials and ages, from the thirteenth-century Haunch of Venison to the new Naafi Club, defy building lines and height lines, to the alarm of the fire brigade but the delight of the eye, making firm friends of past and present.

Something For Everybody

Between Blue Boar Row and Ox Row, Oatmeal Row and Queen Street, the great open oblong of the Market Place is tented with long rows of stalls. *"There's your biscuit barrel, there's your tea-caddy . . . four bob for the two—who wants the other pair?"* There is a bookstall here crowded with solid leather-bound Victorian works, like Aiken's *British Poets,* or—for only five shillings—*The Creator's Wonders Of Living Nature,* a magnificent tome which falls open at the chapter "Organic Life In Asia," and is, according to the copper-plate inscription, the "Prize Awarded to H. Messenger for Excellence of Conduct" in 1886.

And then, a few yards farther on, is another sort of bookstall where the young man of 1953 pores over the gaudy covers of space ship epics and such educational works as *Dames Die Greedy* and *You Can Only Lose It Once.*

Under the apostrophizing arm of Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, a blackboard announces "CAPS AND BOMBERS"—the caps for toy pistols, the bombers something I had not seen since I was a boy: small split balls of lead, attached to a string so that when a cap is slipped between the halves of the ball and the whole thing bounced on the floor, a quite satisfactory, though definitely pre-atomic, explosion is produced.

P. Johnson, as ever, dispenses his cockles at 2d. a plate (1s. 3d. the half-pint); the next fishstall offers "pussy pieces"; and, across the way, "The Shirt King" is doing very nicely among the farmers' boys with "spun rayon Yankee-type shirts."

Cattle Block The Streets

Saturday is the farmer's wife's day; on Tuesdays the farmer himself comes into his own, and the streets are blocked with cattle and sheep and pigs, and the auctioneers of the five stock yards wax eloquent over attested bulls and bales of high-quality hay and straw.

The Tuesday market has been going on for seven centuries since the charter of Henry II, the Saturday market for a shorter time—six centuries only. And still, today, it is by these two markets, bringing together buyers and sellers from a large slice of the West of England, that Salisbury lives and has its being.

By its markets all the year round—and its tourists in summer. For this city of 31,000 people has few other means of support. Three-quarters of its workers are occupied in the "service" trades: bus drivers, shop assistants, garage hands, clerks in solicitors' offices, in banks, in auction-yards. More than eight per cent work in hotels and laundries alone.

And what town of this size has such an abundance and variety of hotels, from the elegant Georgian Cathedral to old coaching inns like the Red Lion, or so many menus hanging in frames at their doors?

"There are two steps just inside the front step," announces a careful notice on a shop door. In other old towns they let you break your neck, but Salisbury has a care for its tourists. Outside the Old George, a venerable inn of time-blackened timbering, the triple-A sign of the American Automobile Association moves in the wind. Just inside there is a list of

landlords going back to 1320. No question about it: for the Americans, Salisbury is everything the "Olde England" brochures specified.

Farmers and tourists alike bring money and life into Salisbury; but they see it with very different eyes. And it is left to the other Salisbury, John Constable's and Anthony Trollope's Salisbury, the Salisbury of the Dean and Chapter, to bring the Salisbury of the markets and the Salisbury of the "sights," firmly and finally together. It was the cathedral, planted down there in the empty water-meadows, which created the town—and the market. And still, today, it is the cathedral which draws the tourists. Yet, for all that, the world of the cathedral remains a world set apart.

All Built In One Piece

Walk a hundred yards down the packed High Street, pass under the old grey stone gateway with the royal arms above it, and you enter the Liberty of the Close. Ahead, across the smooth expanse of lawns, the cathedral floats in its island of serenity, remote and a little unreal, with the unreality of near perfection.

Most of England's cathedrals are accretions, built up through the centuries, a Norman apse there, an early English lancet window here, Tudor fan-vaulting, "decorated" columns, an inconsequent agglomeration of styles, grown to grandeur down the years. Not so Salisbury: Salisbury stands today for the most part as it was built, in one piece, in forty years in the thirteenth century.

The Close, too, is unique. It is vast, yet private. It contains within its limits seventy-four houses and about three hundred people, a population doubled in term time when the three prep. schools, the theological college, the teachers' training college and Bishop Wordsworth's School are in session. Physically, legally and in feeling, this is a town within a town. It is enclosed by a high castellated wall, built from the old stones taken down from Osmund's first cathedral on Old Sarum Hill.

And each night, at eleven o'clock, Close Constable Searle bars the last of the gates, shutting out the rest of the world. The dean, the first verger and the city police have keys; others must knock to be admitted.

For most of us in this twentieth century, the life around a cathedral is as remote and secret as life on the ocean bed. Yet it is, after its fashion, a busy life—and many-sided.

The Ex-butler Takes Over

To begin, for instance, with those personalities the public *does* see—the three vergers. Black-gowned, with the look of grey-haired distinction appropriate to his calling—part policeman, part guide, part chief of protocol—Norman Cooper has been on duty in the deserted choir since seven thirty, with a couple of breaks for meals. He has been Salisbury's first verger since January; before that, not so many years ago, he was a butler—until the bottom fell out of the butling business.

He learned his new profession under Walter Thorne, the famous old first verger who saw six bishops come and go and trained the present head vergers now serving at several cathedrals up and down England.

There was much to learn: ritual, precedence, the carrying of the *verge*—or small staff—in front of the dean as he enters and leaves the cathedral, the adjustment of amplifiers and control of lighting, the preparing of altar frontals and the care of vestments.

And, in the summer months, the tourists—a thousand tourists a day, and ten thousand questions in half the accents of the world.

Look upward from the transept, where a sexton

Continued on page 24

In the museum, Mrs. Stevens describes St. Christopher, the Salisbury giant, to a school party

Not-so-quiet in the Close: Constable Searle's way with the children, watched by Canon Jervis

An umbrella from the sea

by ***CLEDWYN HUGHES***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Each gale, she felt, would blow her heart away. Any moment Glyn might be called to the lifeboat

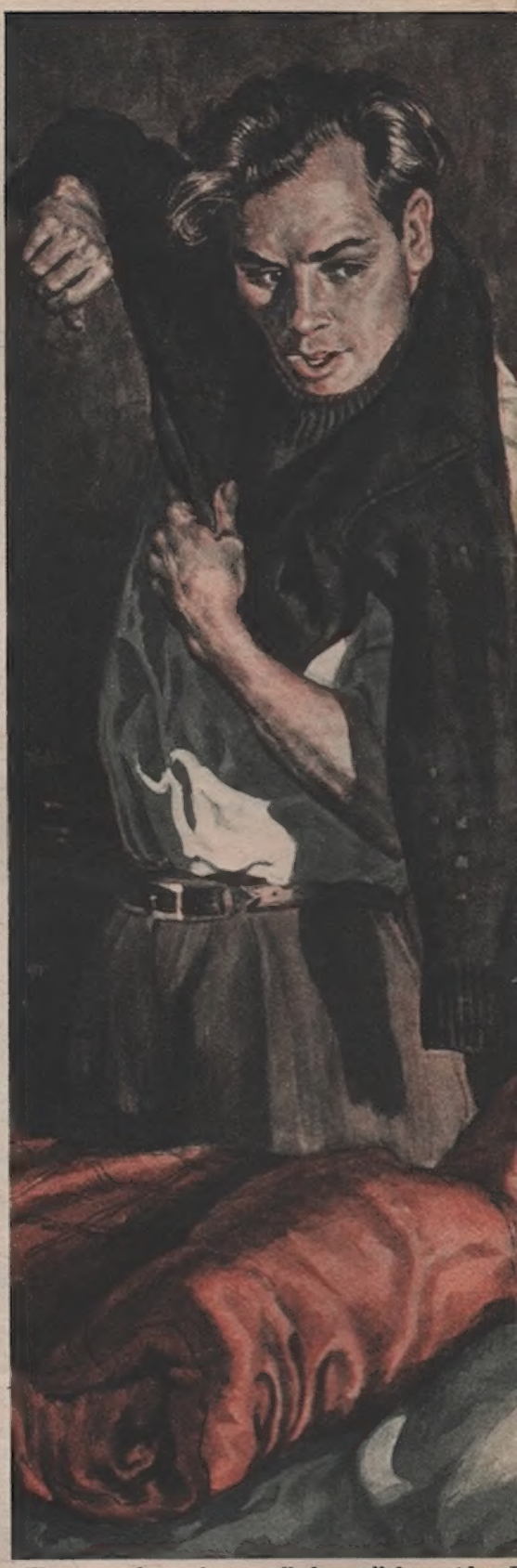
TO SUSAN THE SUMMER was far more than a time of blue skies and soft winds and warm, flower-scented nights. It was the half of the year when she could have a peace within her; when she could look at the barometer in the sitting-room behind her father's tobacco shop with no pull at her heart; when she could walk along the promenade of the town and look out upon the sea with friendliness.

Susan was in love with Glyn, and he was the coxswain of the local lifeboat. He was a little man in his early thirties and earned his living by working out from the port as a third partner in a fishing boat. When tides and moons were right he went out in the Gwenny Morgan with a trawl for the shoals of whiting and small-sized herrings. These were cleaned and sold locally; any surplus was sent in ice to a dealer in the Midlands.

It was a hard and uncertain living, and Glyn, as the third man, did not make much. But he had a deeper knowledge of the seas and the currents off this part of the Welsh coast than any other man living. Since a small boy he had been in and among the boats, and when the time came he was made cox of the local lifeboat without hesitation, for although young in age he was ancient in skill.

Ever since they had left the local school in the same week, Susan and Glyn had been walking out together. At first the girl's mother and father had objected, and it was not until he had had the coveted honour in the lifeboat that they had started to ask him to tea on Sundays.

They had made plans for their wedding several times, but always there had been some little hitch. The first time it had been Glyn's mother who had died of pneumonia; then there had been a fire at the cottage where Glyn lived alone after both his parents were dead. Eventually he had been allocated a council house and a new date for the marriage was settled; then Susan herself became ill with a form of anaemia. Her parents seemed glad of the excuse of being able to nurse her like a small child, and they regulated carefully Glyn's visits to her. But eventually, one autumn, she was out and about again and they made their plans for an October wedding.



"The crew have been called out," he said. "I

As she said to Glyn when they came out of the local cinema, their first time alone after her illness: "I can't live another winter without being with you all the time. Each gale that comes almost blows my heart away, and I listen for that old rocket like a man for his calling-up."

They were standing by the last lamp on the promenade. In front of them were the first white-edged waves of the sea. Behind, over the dwarf cliffs, a moon was surging up. Gay music floated across from one of the boarding-houses.

Glyn turned her head in his great hands so that the light caught her fair hair. "You have been putting grease on your eyebrows again, cariad."

She nodded quickly and a side strand of her hair flying out stung his ear sharply. It was an old trick of hers.

"'Tis that I like the shine, Glyn. I am getting to look so old and tired and ordinary. When I was lying up there in the bed this last summer I used to wish with all my heart that we had got married long ago. Such a lot of excuses have been made for us; we must make sure that there will not be any more."

"Of course, cariad, of course. In four weeks from now you will be the wife of Glyn Parry, cox of The Hon. Mrs. Jenkins and third part-owner of the Gwenny Morgan."

"What a homely name the old fishing tub has. But The Hon. Mrs. Jenkins—how can anybody love a boat like that?"

"I don't love the lifeboat, Susan cariad, but I think she is noble and does noble work."

Susan turned her head away from the faint

"It is not wrong, surely," he said, "for a man to leave his woman to help others." She said softly: "A man and his woman are awfully important, Glyn"

must hurry." Susan sat up in bed. "You sound happy and glad to be going," she reproached him

edge of the lamplight and looked beyond to the stars and the water. "I think it is the lifeboat which has frightened me more than anything I have ever known, Glyn."

"How come, cariad?"

"It has taken you out in the wildest of times, and it will take you out again in the most terrible of storms. A man's place is by his woman when the gales moan in the chimneys."

He smiled, and looked into her eyes. "But why, what silly things you do say, Susan. The lifeboat is to save those who are in distress and might otherwise die. It is not wrong, surely, for a man to leave his woman to go to the help of others?"

She moved in closer to him and tidied his scarf about his neck. "A man and his woman are awfully important, Glyn," she said softly.

"Of course."

"They can make life."

"There is a time for saving and a time for making. Let us go to Pryce the Chips. They say his sixpennyworth has increased now that money is getting scarce."

They went into the town, turning their backs on the sea.

In the mists and tints of that autumn, Glyn and Susan were safely married in the church above the bay. They had a brief honeymoon in an English city and then they came back to the house on the council estate. Susan's father and mother moved all her personal things in a small pantechnicon and, rather soberly, spoke to the newlyweds about the responsibilities of marriage, its pitfalls and its blessings.

Glyn and Susan settled down well. It was a mild autumn, favourable to the fishing and with the lifeboat never taking him away from the house except at the practice launches.

All might have gone on very evenly had not the night plane from London to Ireland crashed in the sea three miles from the lovely coast. It was after midnight that the warning rocket with its double exploding stars went up from the lifeboat-house under the cliffs. Glyn, trained to listen for it night and day, heard it at once and started to get out of bed. Susan was awoken only by his movements.

She called sleepily as he switched on the light and started to put on his trousers and jersey and red woollen cap.

"You are getting up already, Glyn?"

"Why, yes, did you not hear the rocket, Susan? The crew have been called out. I must hurry."

She sat up in the bed, thoroughly awake now. "You sound happy and glad to be going," she said.

"I am pleased to be doing my duty."

"But you were whistling. You only whistle when you are very happy."

"I am happy that I am going to the help of people in trouble."

"There is no wind, is there?"

He came to the window by her side of the bed and drew the curtains a little on their ringing wire to look out to the night.

"It is lovely outside. But I cannot stop to admire the moonlight. I must hurry to the boathouse."

"I wish I was coming with you."

"Me, too, but it is not allowed. The Hon. Mrs. Jenkins would not approve."

"I am quite jealous of that old lady. She must have been very rich to have had a boat named after her. We shall never be rich, shall we? And——"

She was talking to keep him and he interrupted her with a quick kiss.

"Shan't be long, cariad. Keep the water hot in the morning. I like a bath."

"All la-di-da?"

"Like the Hon. Mrs. Jenkins."

They laughed together, and then with a last wave he was gone, carrying his seaboots down the new stair carpet. She heard him unlatching the front door; she sat upright in the bed until his whistle was lost in the gentle wind from the sea which moaned about the corners of the new houses.

It was ten in the morning when he came home again, his eyes narrow and tired and the stubble on his cheeks rasping against the upturned lapels of his oilskin coat.

She had kept his breakfast hot in the oven. As she held it out for him in a muffled cloth, he shook his head.

"Don't want anything to eat, cariad."

"Gracious, you must eat, Glyn."

"I never eat for a day or so after having been out with the lifeboat. It's nerves, I expect."

"Did you save them all?"

"We were too late. The old sea had been there first. Only thing left was a lot of black oil, like a rainbow in our searchlight it was. Only the oil, and this which I brought home. Thought you'd like to have it, Susan."

From a deep inside pocket he pulled out a small umbrella: the expensive sort which folds up into a small, neat handle. Now it was half open, damp, and filling the room with some perfume which had spilled upon it during the crash.

He offered it to her, but she shook her head, and said: "No, cariad, you open it."

He fumbled with the catch and slid out the hood from the handle, and opened up the gay peacock-bright material.

Glyn held it in his hands in the council house kitchen. A little shower of white talcum or face powder fell over the edges.

He offered it to her again. "You take it, cariad, it's yours. It will be very smart for you, especially on a Sunday when it looks like a drop of rain."

But she was shaking her head with an

Continued on page 35

Daredevil champion of the sidecar Grand Prix

by H. G. CASTLE

Cyril Smith and his partners have put Britain on top of the world in a sport that needs perfect teamwork—and the minimum of words

Pipe in mouth, Cyril Smith discusses tactics between races. His daughter kneels by his machine and his wife (with hand to her hair) looks on. Behind her is the caravan in which they travel

AT TWO O'CLOCK in the morning a man banged the door knocker of a house in a deserted Birmingham street. There was no reply. He banged again. A bedroom window was flung up. "What is it?" a voice shouted irritably.

"Is that you, Wilf?" the man on the pavement asked. "This is Cyril. I had a crack-up yesterday at Wingfield Park. I want a passenger for today. Can you do it?"

"Okay," said the man at the window. "What time?"

"Better have a bit of practice first."

"Right. Pick me up here at six o'clock," said the man at the window, and went back to bed.

That was in 1949. The two men had not seen each other for ten years, but within a few hours of that meeting they had won the race and had agreed to resume a partnership which had begun just before the war. Cyril Smith had then been in his first season as a motor cycle sidecar rider, and Wilf Welsted had been his passenger.

Today, thirty-four year old Cyril Smith is the world champion sidecar rider—"the only man," says a friend, "to win a decent championship for Britain in 1952." The aggregate winner of a series of five Grand Prix races, Smith defeated a bid by sidecar riders from many European countries to deprive Britain of a much-coveted world title.

No Time For Conferences

Wilf Welsted's casual reception of Smith's request sums up the relationship between rider and passenger in a sport which demands perfect understanding and the minimum of words at speeds of more than one hundred miles an hour. Smith earns most of the credit and publicity for his successes, but, he says, "I'd have got nowhere without Wilf Welsted, Bob Clements and Les Nutt." They have been his passengers for nearly all his races. There have been some others, not all of whose names have been known to Smith. "Once I had a crash on a grass track and my passenger had to pack it in. A chap from the crowd volunteered. He'd never done it before, and I never knew his name."

The passenger's main task is to provide the ballast; he balances on the corners by leaning from the glove-tight sidecars, which consist merely of a cased-in wheel, nose shield and platform. "But there's a lot more to it than that," says Smith. "When you're flat out at a hundred miles an hour and dicing with the other riders for position, there's no time for conferences. The pair of you may have a chance to walk the course before a race, but the passenger must decide when to move."

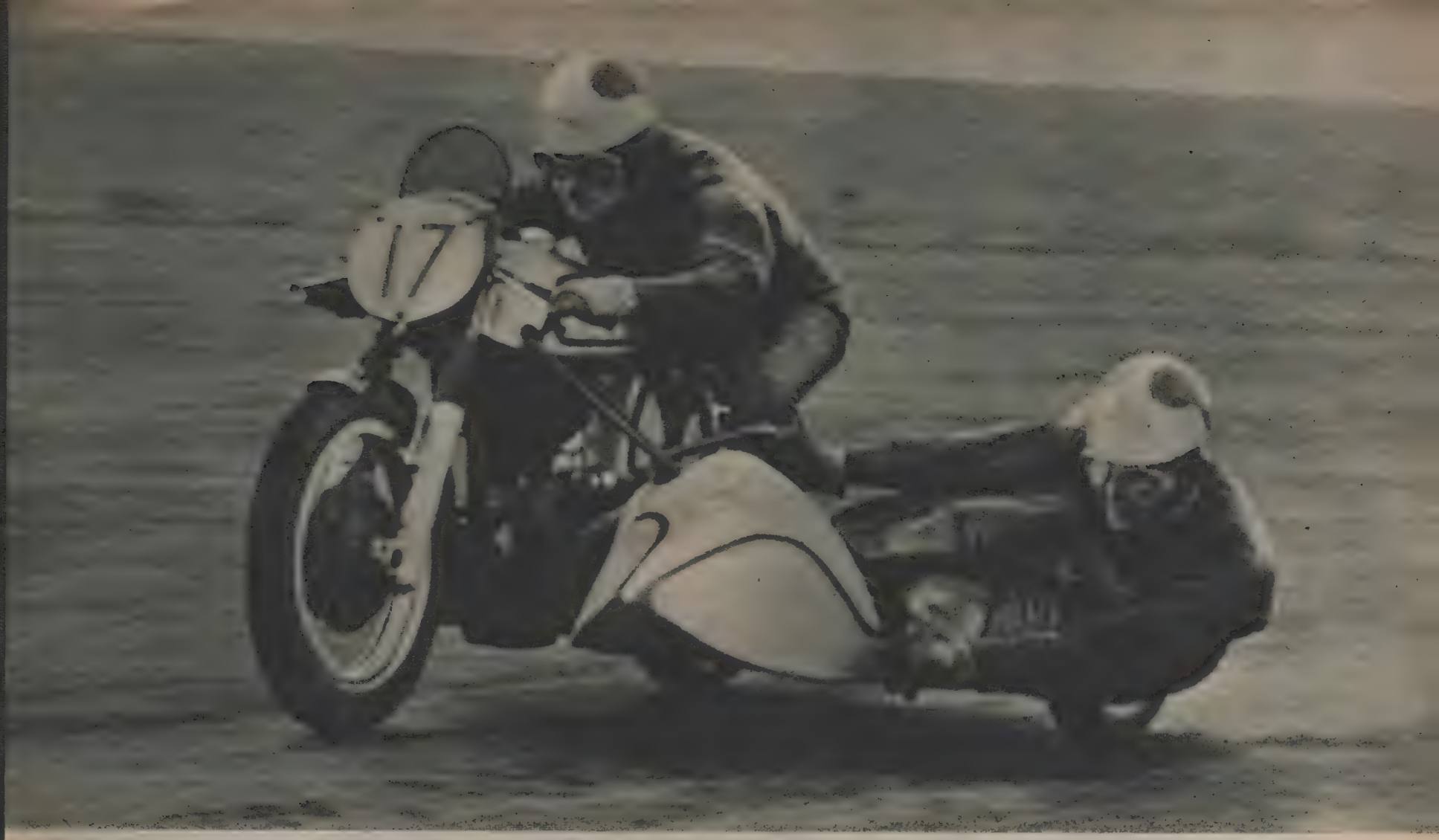
He might be leaning out parallel to the ground while the machine is taking a left-hand corner, with his head and body only a few inches above a gritty track or road. "The next turn might be right-handed, and on top of us as soon as we're round the left one. Then the passenger must move fast and lean over behind me to the right. On flat stretches he could be crouched down peering through the screen in the nose, with his legs hanging over the back."

He Must Never Flinch

Mutual confidence is everything. "I've gone so close to the straw bales on a track that my passenger has had straw clinging to him when we've passed. I must know that he won't flinch, and he's got to know that I won't wrap him round the bales or a telegraph post."

Smith has also done his turn "in the chair," during his first postwar season. "But I told him," says his dark-haired wife Irene, "that if he was going on with this racing business he'd better get a bike of his own. After all, he was a rider before the war."

Smith's first riding season in 1939 was his last for six years. At the outbreak of war he joined the Royal Tank Regiment in his trade of electrician. He served overseas as a sergeant-major in the 23rd Armoured Division. "I had a damned



With Les Nutt as his passenger, Cyril Smith works up to a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour. To a sidecar team, mutual confidence is everything

good war," he says. Adds a friend: "His idea of a good war was to go looking for trouble."

But it is not accurate to say that he is a man without nerves. Talking of his feelings before a big international meeting he says: "When I wake up in the morning, I want only a cup of tea. My stomach won't take breakfast, and as it is, I'm often sick. But once the flag's down and we're away I'm all right."

He allows nothing to interfere with his concentration on race days. "I never look at my letters from home until after the race. If there was bad news, I couldn't do anything about it then, and there's no point in meeting that sort of trouble before it's necessary."

Ambulance Is His Home

He travels round the European circuits in his mobile workshop—a converted City of Birmingham ambulance. It used to be, in addition, the living quarters for himself and his passenger, but this season his wife travels with him. Their thirteen-year-old daughter Kathleen, at school in Birmingham, will join them in the summer holidays. "There isn't enough money in the game for us to live in hotels," says Smith. "And anyway, you need to live on the job the whole time."

Today he is employed by a famous motor cycle company as a works rider, but before he joined them as a road tester (he subsequently became chief tester) life was sometimes a precarious business financially. "I tried to work at my trade as an electrician and race as well. That meant a lot of time off, and some of my employers didn't approve of it. I had to choose between regular work and racing."

He chose racing. But riding in Britain "doesn't earn the pennies. In a good day's racing I might pick up a tenner." On the Continent, however, sidecar races draw large crowds, and riders are paid appearance money. Once they have started they are certain to be paid something. Like most riders, Smith is reticent about talking of the value of appearance money. Says another rider: "It might be as little as £30 a race. It depends on a rider's reputation, and is often a matter of bargaining. As the current champion, Cyril might get £100 appearance money for each race."

Because he could not afford anything else, Smith began his postwar racing career with a £12 10s. machine. With Wilf Welsted as his passenger for most of that season, he did moderately well, but "good though that old bike was, she couldn't compete with more modern types." So he assembled a new engine and gearbox into the old frame. "I didn't have a garage or workshop, so I used one of the living-rooms at home."

It is a sign of the improved fortunes of the Smith family that the same room is now being converted into a bar. These days, too, he wears the professional uniform of a smart suit of black leathers. "I used to paint a pair of khaki breeches black to make 'em look a bit professional."

This year, as a works rider, Smith sits on a more secure financial saddle. Last year he paid his passenger £5 a week and his keep, plus a share of the appearance money and any prize money. The machine and the converted ambulance cost £350 to maintain for the season. Food and incidentals came to approximately £280. "I cleared about £200 on the season's racing. There were, of course, other international meetings as well as the five Grand Prix races."

Crash Left Him Penniless

Despite high speeds and the hazards of cornering, accidents are comparatively rare. Smith has had his share. His most serious took place at the beginning of the international season last summer. He and his passenger, Bob Clements, crashed when a Belgian rider crossed in front of them. Smith was rushed to hospital with a fractured skull ("that was my second fracture. I'd had another when I stepped on a mine during the war") and a badly damaged shoulder. Bob Clements, unhurt, faced a crisis. He could not speak a word of any foreign language. He could not drive, so was unable to take the converted ambulance to a Channel port. And he was penniless. "We'd landed in Belgium with only £6 between us," Smith recalls. "Any other cash had to come from appearance money."

Defying his doctor, Smith rode in the Swiss Grand Prix three weeks later. Says an observer: "He arrived in great pain and not at all fit. He could only do one fast practice lap."

Nevertheless, he and Bob Clements finished second. The world championship is decided on aggregate grand points, awarded for places gained, and not on any single victory. Smith's other Grand Prix results were third in Belgium, first in Germany, second in Italy. In the last of the five classics, the Spanish Grand Prix at Barcelona, he had to finish in the first four to become world champion.

Family responsibilities had sent Bob Clements home, and garage manager Les Nutt, an experienced "chairman," was Smith's passenger. Their one real rival was the Italian rider, Merlo.

Escape On The First Lap

The new partnership of Smith and Nutt nearly ended disastrously on the first lap. At a sharp right-hand turn, the sidecar ran up some steps. Says Nutt: "We carried on. There seemed to be no bad results, but a few laps later I saw that the front down tubes were broken."

The machine literally had to be held together. When he was not leaning over, Nutt was hooking his arm through the frame to keep the crankcase off the ground when they were braking. Smith gripped the handlebars so hard to hold the machine on the road that his wrists and arms swelled. He had to take off his gloves because of the pain. "As I did so, the gloves were sucked into the carburettor intake."

He pulled into the pits, with only the remotest chance of becoming the champion—and then heard that Merlo, his rival, had retired.

Cyril Smith still lives in Birmingham, where he was born in 1919. Last October he went to Paris to receive his world championship diploma and gold medal. There was a delay because the medal had not arrived. "Has it got to come far?" Smith asked. "Yes," they told him. "From Birmingham."

THE END

The girl rested on her oars. "Hallo, Commander Anderson," she said. David stared in surprise. It was the girl he had met at Buckingham Palace

IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

ABRIDGED BY JOHN BULL

England in 1983. . . . To David Anderson, joining the Queen's Flight, it was a strange, bewildering place

IT WAS FANTASTIC nonsense, the Rev. Roger Hargreaves told himself—the delirium of a dying man, doped with opium to ease his pain. The dying man was a drunken old wreck known as Stevie, and Hargreaves, a bush parson in Northern Queensland, had come through the torrential floods of the wet season to do what he could for him.

In his delirium, Stevie was mumbling about "being born again"—his muddled ideas about reincarnation. Suddenly, clutching the parson's hand, he began to tell his life story.

Was it Stevie's life—or someone else's? Hargreaves was feverish with malaria himself, and once or twice he wondered if he was dreaming. It was bewildering. . . . For Stevie wasn't Stevie any more. He was an aircraft pilot called David Anderson ("my cobbers call me Nigger")—a young Australian *of the future*. . . .

It was the year 1983. Squadron Leader David Anderson, R.A.A.F., had been sent on a course to Boscombe Down, in England, to test new machines for the R.A.F. Great things were expected of the de Havilland Ceres, designed to reach Canberra from London in twenty hours.

David soon realized that a certain Group-Captain Cox was taking a close interest in both the Ceres and himself. Frank Cox, he was told, commanded the Queen's Flight. Cox seemed very friendly, and invited David to a dinner-party at his house. Here he met an army officer, Major Macmahon, and his wife. It was a pleasant evening, and David remembered it gratefully; but he did not guess its real purpose until ten days later, when he was asked to call on Harry Ferguson, High Commissioner for Australia.

At Australia House Ferguson received him genially, asked him one or two questions about his work—and suddenly said something that took David's breath away.

"How would you like to join the Queen's Flight?" he asked.

PART 3

Special Duties

DAVID stared at the High Commissioner. "Me?" he said. "The Queen's Flight?" Ferguson said, "That's the proposal, David. They didn't want to raise the matter with you before consulting me, in case the

Continued on page 29

Josef Locke, star of blarney and song

by DON EVERITT

The devil-may-care Irish tenor has his own formula for success. He plays the music halls where the people who put him on top can hear him. And he doesn't mind pulling their legs

AFTER ACKNOWLEDGING the thunderous applause, Josef Locke, the Irish tenor, turned to the wings with a frown. "What is it ye be wanting?" he said, looking at his watch. "Aah, what are ye cackling at? These people want to be hearing some more songs." He turned back to the audience. "Ye'd loik to hear some more, wouldn't ye?" "Yes!" the audience roared.

Locke addressed the wings impatiently: "What's that ye say? Aah, let the second house wait. They shoulda come to the first. What next, I wonder, what next indeed!" The theatre filled with enthusiastic laughing, clapping, chattering. With a last, meaning look at the wings, Locke smiled and asked: "Now, what would ye loik to hear next?"

After that song, a curtain came down behind him, cutting him off from his pianist. Ignoring the audience, Locke stormed across the stage and complained angrily to someone in the wings. The applause continued unabated and the audience, sensing that Locke was arguing with the stage manager, began to cheer and shout: "More! More!"

Finale Of Planned Derision

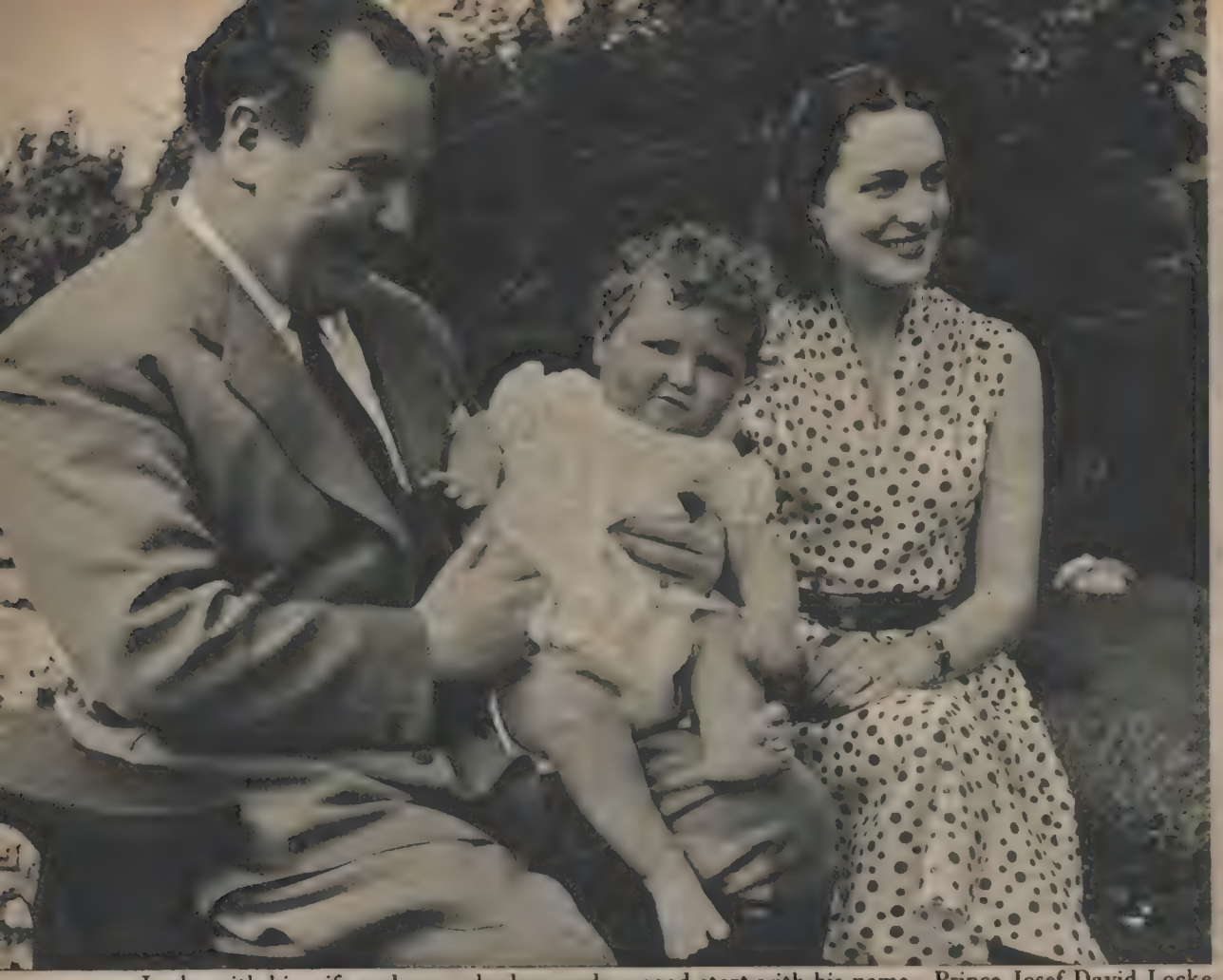
Then a man in a grey suit marched past Locke, picked up the microphone and signalled down the main curtain. Locke promptly cupped his hand to his mouth and incited the audience to boo. To a mixture of applause and derision, the show ended. There were no curtain calls.

All this did not happen at one particular performance of Locke's show: it happens at almost any performance. In fact, he has been using this finale regularly for almost two years. "It is probably the most successful bit of Locke blarney," says one theatre manager.

Blarney, coupled with a handsome voice, has been the making of Josef Locke. After his sudden rise to success shortly after the war, this simple formula kept him consistently at the top. Almost non-stop for six years he has been heading the bill at British music halls. For six consecutive summer seasons he has led shows at Blackpool. His record and sheet-music sales have been regularly reaching the hundreds of thousands, outselling Peers, Lester Ferguson and the British sales of Crosby and Sinatra. Four of his records have passed the million mark, and his signature tune, "Hear My Song, Violetta," has sold more than two million.

Locke has been in constant demand on the air. He has toured the United States and Canada, packing New York's Carnegie Hall for a two-hour concert on St. Patrick's Day. In brief breaks from variety he has given concerts

Afternoon off for Locke and his wife. He has complete faith in her judgment. Since their marriage, say his friends, he is a changed man



Locke with his wife and son, who has made a good start with his name—Prince Josef David Locke

in Britain, too. Usually on the concert platform he eliminates the blarney.

But not always. Once, before a packed audience in London's Albert Hall, he was singing "Questa o quella" in English. Halfway through the song, he forgot the words. Without a break, he slipped into an Italianized version of Cab Calloway's scat singing. "It was gibberish with a lot of *la* in it," he recalls happily. "The audience didn't know—at least they didn't show it in their applause. And next morning one newspaper said: 'Locke is a fine singer, with an excellent command of Italian.'"

On Stage, A Changed Man

At thirty-four, Locke is six feet one and a half and weighs fourteen stone six pounds. In the dressing-room, in a singlet and black-spotted white pants, he is a little paunchy, his moustache is ginger and his voice has very little Irish in it. Before an audience he is a changed man: the brogue is strong, the moustache is black and, with his waist reduced, he cuts an impressive figure. He feels that his height, giving him a physical command of the stage, is one of the main reasons for his success.

His associates have different appraisals. Recording executives give the credit to his rich operatic tenor. A friend says: "Joe has kept at the top because he does not give his public too much of himself, especially on the radio." Denis Main Wilson, his B.B.C. producer, says: "Joe is a real stage personality. He got to the top quickly on the strength of his personality, whereas Ray, Peers and others are technicians, master craftsmen, and it took them time to learn their craft. It's significant that Locke is the only variety singer in Britain today who has reached star ranking without the help of the radio."

It is significant, too, that Locke had made his name in the north of England almost before he was heard of in the south. London theatreland and the B.B.C. both rejected him at the start of his postwar career. This has affected his attitude to the offers which have since come from London and the B.B.C. He says: "I'd rather play the music halls and little theatres where the people who've put you on top have a chance to hear you."

He always ranges himself alongside the man in the street. He asks the pit and the gallery, not "the rich" in the stalls or "the Conservatives" in the boxes, what songs they would like to hear. Almost invariably, says his pianist, Dennis Broadbent, the call is for one of a dozen ballads, marches and Irish songs which Locke has popularized.

Locke is known as a typical free-and-easy, devil-may-care Irishman. Russ Carr, of the Lew Grade theatrical agency, says: "You send Joe a contract and, unless you keep jogging him about it, he'll just forget it." Another friend recalls that two days after Locke's second marriage was annulled he entered the theatre loudly singing "A Bachelor Gay Am I."

On the stage, ad-libbing, blarneying every second that he is not singing, he pokes fun at his colleagues. Halfway through the thirty-five minute act, he asks for a drink. Sometimes, a shapely girl in a bathing costume brings a glass of water. Locke laughs hollowly. "Wait till my wife hears of this. This'll be costing me another £6,000." (He gave his second wife £6,000 when their marriage was annulled.) Then he sips the water. "Aah, what's this? They musta had Donald Peers or Lester Ferguson here last week."

His B.B.C. Walk Out

Locke has a reputation for being forthright and quick-tempered. Once, an associate recalls, he was booked for a radio variety show. That same week he was making his first West End appearance—as second top of the bill at the Palladium. At rehearsal, the announcer introduced him as "the Irish tenor, Josef Locke." Locke was peeved. He moved in front of the announcer and said robustly: "And now we have that *great* Irish tenor, Josef Locke." When the producer would not make any changes, Locke walked out.

Peter Webster, his manager, says: "Joe's temper is always shortlived, and today it is not as bad as it used to be." The change in Locke, his friends say, dates from his third wedding last year. Locke himself says that his wife Betty—"the most wonderful girl in the world"—has had a big influence on him. He has complete faith in her judgment

In the past year, Locke's voice has not troubled him much. But before his marriage throat trouble caused him to miss shows many times. In 1950 he threw up his part in a Manchester pantomime on the afternoon that it opened. Now he feels that he has mastered his complaint. One night at Sheffield his voice cracked after five songs, and he sought advice. Jack Taylor, the Blackpool theatre owner, told him to use the microphone more and to develop a soft tone. Now, Locke says: "By using these soft notes, I've been able to carry on."

The singer has also had trouble with his hearing. Some time ago, he found he was losing control of the more powerful high notes. The reason, it was discovered, was that the volume of his own voice was virtually deafening him. This problem, too, has been simply overcome: he wears a deaf-aid.

Chance For "Singing Cop"

The son of a Londonderry cattle dealer and butcher named McLaughlin, Locke was born on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1918, and christened Joseph. With nine other children, his parents had little time for fostering interests, but at five he joined the church choir, later became the boy soprano, and regularly won prizes for singing at the local festival. He had vague hopes of getting somewhere with his voice, and appeared in amateur shows. Years later, after he had become a policeman, he got an audition with Jimmy O'Dea and became "The Singing Cop" at £6 a week.

During that show, Count John McCormack heard Locke. Impressed, he sent Locke to his tutor, Dr. Vincent O'Brien. For the next two years Locke had lessons morning and afternoon, and in the evening sang with the Dublin Grand Opera Company. "I progressed to leads and sang almost everything — from *Faust* to *Show Boat*." The end of 1940 found Locke in the army. Soon afterwards, he was moved to Ensa.

With the war's end, he decided there was no money in opera, and searched London for variety work. Things did not go well. Three B.B.C. auditions got him nowhere and, disillusioned, he left London and got a small part in a Liverpool pantomime—as a wild man of the woods who wore only a loin cloth and an unkempt wig.

George and Beryl Formby saw his act, and were impressed by the fact that his singing had a stronger impact than his comic garb. They signed him for their summer show at the Blackpool Opera House at £150 a week. Locke wondered whether his voice would stand up to the salty air. It did, and next year he was top of the bill.

£1,500-a-week Triumph

Meanwhile, in 1946, Locke's first wife had divorced him for desertion. A year later, he married again. On the stage his popularity mounted. At one period he was earning £1,500 a week. He started a radio series. He formed his own show. His position has never wavered since.

Late in 1951 marital matters put him in the news again. His second wife petitioned for divorce, alleging cruelty and adultery. Locke, however, applied for the annulment of the marriage: the ceremony had taken place before his first wife's decree had been made absolute. Granting his application, the judge admitted that Locke had ground for thinking he had been freed from his previous marriage, but added: "He should have taken more care."

Two months later, Locke married Betty Parr, a twenty-one year old film actress, principal boy and mannequin whom he had met while filming in 1947. "Today," he says, "I've got a lovely wife and a son who's going to be a greater singer than his father. I've given him a good start with his name—Prince Josef David Locke—and at ten months he's already in fine voice."

And then he adds, by way of an afterthought. "I've got a fine house at St. Anne's, too, *and* eighteen racehorses, *and* a Rolls, *and* a Bentley, *and* a Pontiac, *and* a Triumph Mayflower. All in all, I think I'm just about the luckiest fellow in the world."

THE END

Binnie and the Pie Prince

by ***BRETON AMIS***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

He was heir to a meat pie fortune, and he hated work. That was William—until he met Binnie

Binnie's father, seeing the lovers together, passed on. His plan was going well

TO ESCAPE FROM THE MEAT PIES which his father, Dobey Dacre the Pie King, sold by the thousand, William Dacre had come to the Hampshire village of Hurdle to paint the rural scene. His father wanted him to sell meat pies, or at least to paint them for the advertisement department. William refused. Meat pies failed to inspire him.

For two pins, he thought, as he toyed with a mixed grill at the Crown Inn, he would become a vegetarian, and a fine advertisement for his father's pies that would be!

From where he sat he could see a stack of them in the window of the grocery-cum-post office opposite. But there was some consolation for this sickening sight; behind the stack of pies was an extremely pretty girl.

William often watched Binnie Sangster. Her hair was rust-coloured, as smooth and shiny as satin; her grey eyes had the full, creamy lids of a madonna; her lips were the colour of a wild strawberry, and would have, he imagined, the same sweetness. It was a pity she was the daughter of a grocer who sold Dacre's delicacies.

William decided to drift across and wire his father for more money.

He filled in the telegraph form with one eye on the girl. She had blushed, but without looking up from the bill she was totting she called, "Dad!" and the grocer appeared behind the grill—a small, sandy man with a ragged moustache, mild blue eyes and an off-white apron.

"WIRE A HUNDRED TO CROWN INN HURDLE HANTS LOVE WILLIAM," the grocer read aloud. "Thirteen words, with the address, sir. That'll be one-seven-and-a-half."

William pushed three sixpences under the grill. "Delete the word 'love,'" he said—and he thought he heard the girl sigh. He turned towards her, but she was busy taking another pie from the stack.

The grocer followed William's passionate gaze. "Yes, sir, they're Dacre's," he said. "A best-selling line and a rare favourite in these parts. Have I the honour——"

"You have," William told him. "Will you send my father's reply across as soon as it comes?"

FOR a fortnight the grocer had been anxious to scrape an acquaintance with this golden link with the Dacre fortune. He bowed. "My daughter Binnie will bring it, if the boy is out delivering. In the meantime, can I be of any service? A few pounds, perhaps? It would be a privilege. . . ."

William wanted to be in debt to the girl, not to the father, but he was used to having money pressed on him and it would be pleasant to spend the afternoon in the market town.

He accepted a loan of £10, and later on caught the bus to town. And in the bus was Binnie. William sat beside her, and was soon discovering that she watched him from the shop window as often as he watched her from the inn. Her interest, she explained, was shared by the whole village, which was unaccustomed to the presence of a tall, thin, red-haired young man in colourful shirts and fawn corduroys who apparently did no work.

William gave her his views on work. They were diametrically opposed to those of his father, a self-made man and proud of it. Life, said William, was meant for leisure, not for sweat and toil. Life was a canvas on which one painted the colours of one's personality. His own were purple and lemon; his father's a dull, pie-brown. Binnie's would have the pristine brilliance of a rainbow and some day he would like to paint her.

He took her to tea, then to the cinema. When they got back, there was no reply to his wire, but at the grocer's pressing invitation he stayed to supper.

The reply came next morning. It said: "YOU

GET NO MONEY OUT OF ME YOU YOUNG WASTER UNTIL YOU COME HOME AND EARN IT."

William was shocked, but philosophical.

"This is the rift proper," he said. "I see it as an attempt to blackmail me into the pie trade. I'd rather starve in a garret."

The grocer seemed less sympathetic. He even suggested that William might do worse than follow his father's advice.

William disagreed. If Mr. Sangster was worried about his £10, would he accept a portrait of Binnie in payment? The stables at the back of the stores would make an excellent studio, and Binnie could sit in the afternoons, as early rising was incompatible with the artistic temperament.

Mr. Sangster said Binnie was so busy she hardly had time to stand, let alone sit. He wanted his £10, in cash or in labour. As his assistant was in hospital, William could take over at £4 a week plus board and the room over the stables, and work off the loan.

As the alternative was trailing home to the pie factory with his tail between his legs, William accepted. His father would come to heel and it amused him to think that, for a few paces, he was following in the old man's footsteps—for, thirty years ago, Dacre senior had worn the white apron of servitude that was now to obliterate his son's fawn corduroys.

Besides, there was Binnie. . . .

They served at the same counter, while the grocer watched through the post office grill and dreamed of a match between the wholesale and retail trade.

Business was brisk. The story had spread, and everyone wanted to see Sangster's new counter hand. To William's mortification he was taken as a personal advertisement for Dacre's meat pies, and the demand was as never before in spite of his attempts at discouragement.

"Every pie represents thirty per cent profit to the maker and twenty per cent to the grocer, so you're paying double for the value you receive," he explained. "Rabbits are cheap and tasty. Why not a rabbit pie for dinner?"

As the stores also sold rabbits which William had to skin, Mr. Sangster didn't mind. William was his star turn and quite a handy one at that. The boy had a natural aptitude which made his bacon slicing a marvel of precision, and the way he agglomerated a large variety order was a thing to watch. His cash register work was crisp and punchy. For one who despised money, he treated it with respect and grumbled bitterly about the National Health deductions from his pay packet.

In his spare time William worked hard on his portrait of Binnie. The stable doors had to be kept open because of the light, so the grocer often saw his daughter in his new assistant's arms. He turned a benign blind eye on the scene. With every kiss he added another store to the chain that was to be backed by Dacre's pies.

The portrait, a work of love, surprised even William, and caused a sensation in the village. A passing tourist offered £20 for it, but to the grocer's intense indignation William refused to sell. Instead, he palmed off two rather poor local landscapes at two guineas each, and talked of opening an art shop to catch the tourists. He asked Binnie to marry him, but—again to the grocer's intense indignation—she said marriage on the sale of two pictures was no proposition and they could not live on the £4 a week her father paid. William at once asked for a rise, and was refused.

He was serving in the shop when Dacre's traveller called. The traveller was unfairly beguiled by the grocer into talking about the Dacre family.

"The old man's all right," the traveller said. "A bit crusty, perhaps, like his pies, and getting stale after thirty years in the game. He wants his son to take over, but from what I hear the boy is a waster—wine, women, song. You know." The traveller winked. "Spends most of his time in the Latin quarter of Paris, painting in the altogether. If your Binnie wasn't listening, Mr. Sangster, I could tell you a few things——"

"You'd better not," the grocer said hastily. "Make it a gross, will you, Mr. Fagge? Sales are on the up and up."

Binnie wouldn't speak to William for hours after this, although he swore he had only painted street scenes in Montmartre.

The next day a telegraphed money order for a hundred pounds came from his father, with the message: "WHAT ARE YOU UP TO YOU YOUNG FOOL COME HOME AT ONCE."

William refused to send an answer, but used the hundred pounds to buy more paints and a large diamond engagement ring which he persuaded Binnie to wear. He said he was quite happy and he wasn't going home.

Binnie's father told her to make no further move towards marriage until the boy and his father were reconciled.

As a result of this, Binnie told William she would marry him as soon as he liked. She added that her father was a mercenary margarine scraper, and that she loved William for himself. William kissed her tenderly. He said neither of them were of this world of pies, prunes and processed cheese.

The affair of the pie followed. William had sold it—with his usual protest—to a Mrs. Hemmings, wife of a poultry farmer, and Benjamin Hemmings had, after eating it, taken straight to his bed with food poisoning. There could be no doubt about the facts. The doctor said it was the worst case of food poisoning he had seen, and a corner of the pie which Benjamin had left—in itself a sinister symptom—was now with the county analyst.

As the news went round the village the sale of Dacre's pies dwindled. Left with nearly a gross on his hands, Mr. Sangster had contacted the traveller, who had contacted the area agent, who was in touch with Dacre's, who proudly and scornfully announced that they awaited the result of the analysis with supreme confidence.

"Bad business," said Mr. Sangster gloomily. "It could ruin the pie trade in this part of the world."

William said that if Dacre's pies had one claim to fame it was their spotless purity. The name Dacre was the guarantee, William said hotly, and in his opinion Hemmings was after damages because he was too lazy to work and his wife, like many of the wives of Hurdle, was too lazy to cook.

Unfortunately there were customers in the shop at the time and his censures were immediately broadcast. Angry women gathered at his counter to accuse him of adding insult to poisoning. Hemmings wasn't the only one, they said, not by a long chalk! Many of their menfolk and children were complaining of pains after eating the pies.

Mr. Sangster, pallid and agonized, crouched behind the post office grill pretending to be a civil servant. Binnie stood at William's side trying to calm him, but the diamond glittering on her finger added fuel to the flames. The women reminded William of what he had told them about excess profits. They said it was shameful that the Dacres should amass a fortune by poisoning harmless country folk.

William picked up a pie. Quivering, Mr. Sangster thought he was going to hurl it like a hand grenade, but he was only using it as a test. William gave a lecture on hygienic pie-making. He painted a word-picture of white-coated acolytes in aseptic laboratories, of scientists, glued to their microscopes for the slightest flaw in the perfect product, of sterile machinery, of doctors, dentists and dieticians singing their paean of praise to the purity pie

Holding one of his father's pies, William faced

without peer—the Dacre delicacy that would please the palate of a prelate and was, indeed, the food of the gods.

His passionate lyricism was in vain.

"Put it down, young man," one woman advised, "before your arm rots off."

"Those pies are no good to man nor beast!" shouted another.

"Indeed?" said William, calmly, and carefully took up the cooked ham carver. Again, Mr. Sangster quailed, but one swift stroke clove the pie into two halves. While the women drew back, appalled, William bit hugely into the half with the most meat showing.

Leaving a wake of crumbs, he strode to the shop window and kicked at the centre pyramid of canned fruit so that it collapsed and rolled in all directions. Still mouthing the pie, he stepped up and stood as a living centrepiece.

"I shall go on eating Dacre's pies until we close!" he cried. "Send your friends along to see me! Bring Hemmings! If Dacre's pies are what he says they are, this is suicide!" He swallowed another bite. "Suicide!" he repeated.

From that moment onwards the shop window

the angry housewives. "Those pies are no good to man nor beast!" one of them shouted. "Indeed?" said William calmly, and carefully raised the carver

became for him a futuristic nightmare of flattened noses, staring eyes, gaping mouths. The crowd was a blur that moved from time to time as pressure from the sides forced new faces to the front.

Binnie brought every Dacre pie in the shop to the window. Every now and again she sliced a fresh pie and handed William wedges of it.

William flung himself into the pantomime with desperate gusto. He licked his lips, rubbed his stomach and popped his eyes in greedy anticipation of each slice. After a time, rubbing his stomach became automatic, and helped to ease the pain there.

Mr. Sangster brought a crate of beer from the off-licence department. This helped to give William the necessary swallowing saliva—until the policeman came in to warn the grocer that he wasn't licensed for on sales and that it was out of hours anyway. So Binnie made pots of tea and cut the slices of pie thinner and thinner, while William could feel the dead weight of pies dragging him down . . . down.

He was swaying in a fog the colour of dark gravy when his father's car stopped outside. From it stepped Mr. Dacre and his area agent. They stood transfixed, staring at the sight that met their astonished gaze. William managed to raise a last slice in salute as he stumbled back into Binnie's arms and slid down gently to the floor.

When William recovered, he was still in Binnie's arms. Mr. Sangster was feeding him sips of brandy from stock. Mr. Dacre, king of pies, was kneeling at his side, removing the last slice from his rigid fingers.

"You did it for Dacre's!" he was saying, over and over again. "You did it for us, William, and by heavens you showed 'em! Seventeen pies! I've counted the wrappings."

"And I'm still alive?" William managed a wan smile. "What madness came over me? I've never tasted the beastly things before, and I'll never, never eat another."

His eyes closed. Mr. Dacre clutched at his hand. "William, my boy—speak to me! Here, you—more brandy."

But the policeman had loomed in the doorway, and Mr. Sangster hesitated with the bottle.

"Go ahead," the policeman said good-naturedly. "I just looked in to let you know the analytical report came through. It was food poisoning right enough, but—the pie is given a clean bill. Hemmings has confessed he first ate some 'mushrooms' he found in a field. They caused his trouble."

William sat bolt upright. "Constable," he said, "you've been here all the time, watching me, so when did you know?"

"Oh, at midday, but you seemed to be enjoying yourself." The policeman paused at the door, grinning. "I'm off to my tea now," he added. "Rabbit stew with a bit of boiled pork."

Mr. Dacre stayed the night at the Crown. He had come in person to investigate the poisoning report, and to take William home. It wasn't necessary, now.

"Marry the girl and stay here as long as you like," he said. "Sooner or later, my boy, you'll be where you should be—in my chair."

"Not on your life, Dad." William was holding Binnie's hand and thinking of the little art shop he might open. "One man's meat is another man's poison."

The king of pies smiled. He was content to wait. Having consumed so many pies, William would never get Dacre's delicacies out of his system. "We'll see," he said gently, "we'll see."

THE END

UNBROKEN (5) by Lieutenant-Commander ALASTAIR MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C.

We hit the jackpot–two cruisers and a train

Our patrol began with a novel and exciting display of gunnery. Then we sighted twelve enemy warships steaming our way, and sallied into an attack that made submarine history

Alastair Mars (left) and his armament officer, Lieutenant "Ted" Archdale, in the control-room

Rum up for Chief Petty Officer Joe Sizer, the coxswain, (left) and Lee, torpedo gunner's mate

ON JULY 30, 1942, we sailed out of Malta to take part in Operation Pedestal, the defence of the now famous August convoy. But before we were to take up our station near Messina, we had orders to carry out another assignment: to patrol the Calabrian coast and, at a suitable spot, gun the main railway line to the south. This line was so heavily used that it was estimated that for every day it was out of action Rommel lost 14,000 tons of supplies. To wreck it would be as good as sinking a large merchantman.

The Unbroken was the first of the "U"-class submarines to be fitted with a 3-inch gun. Former boats had been equipped with 12-pounders, toys of little use against anything bigger than a rowing boat. Because of this, train-wrecking had been a hazardous, cloak-and-dagger affair carried out by intrepid men operating from folboats. Ours, however, was to be a more elaborate and snappier job.

Kept Silent Vigil Offshore

During the afternoon of August 8, through the high-power periscope, we examined the shore between Paola and Longobardi—a short stretch of coast high on Italy's instep along which the electric track was in full view. After a conference in the wardroom I decided to do my straffing at a point a mile north of Longobardi. It held many advantages, including the useful landmark of Mount Cocuzzo, an absence of civilian houses, and deep water inshore.

After sunset, we steered to within three and a half miles of the coast. At nine o'clock we surfaced and crept towards land, propelled by our near-silent motors. Fifteen hundred yards from shore we stopped—and waited.

The next hour passed in dark gentle silence. The night was black and starless, relieved only by the red and green railway signals and tiny pinpoints of light sneaking through the curtains of the Longobardi cottages. With luck we would soon be giving the inhabitants a new item of conversation with which to enliven their small-town gossip. I stretched my arms and turned my face into the soft, offshore breeze. There was only the slightest of swells to give any feeling of movement, and the look-outs saw nothing around them but dark, empty sea.

Below, the crew were at diving stations. It would be a hot, sticky night for them, for there was little ventilation without the engines running, and the boat was already an oven after a day submerged. In the control-room Thirsk, the navigator, studied his charts and checked them against the echo-soundings. The gun's crew were huddled on the casing, their feet only a few inches from the water, the first round of flashless night ammunition ready in the breech.

One grave fear was uppermost in our minds—that our target might be blacked-out and we would have to fire blind at the distant sound of its electric motors. If that were the case, as our charts gave us the range only to within the nearest fifty yards, we could fire a hundred rounds without doing any damage. I could, of course, fire a star shell, but that would reveal our presence to every sentry aircraft and ship within a radius of thirty miles.

The problem caused me a great deal of concern until, at ten ten, a train came into view heralded—to our joy—by a large headlamp. Its seemingly disembodied beam moved mysteriously through the night, and we were able to obtain an accurate, last inch range from it. A few minutes later an up train passed, and at ten forty our own bundle of fun came into sight. She, too, was adorned with a great lamp.

We had moved to within nine hundred yards of the shore, and at a whispered order the gun's crew closed up. Archdale, the armament officer, leaned across the bridge. "Range a thousand yards, deflection twenty right. Independent firing. Open fire when she reaches the datum point." There was a long pause as the gun held the train in its sights until it reached the datum point. Then with a roar the gun opened fire, its tiny spurt of crimson swallowed quickly in the darkness. The shell screamed through the air and exploded with a tremendous crash.

A hit; by God! There was a vivid blue flash as the overhead wires were brought down, and in its brilliance I saw the engine detach itself from the coaches and idle on down the track. Again the gun roared, and again. After five rounds, all of them hits, the carriages and trucks were crackling merrily with dancing yellow fires. The signal lights were out—the power was off. Archdale transferred his attention to the engine and methodically blew it to pieces.

Bristled With Submarine Traps

By 10.48 it was all over. We had deprived Rommel of at least twenty-four hours of supplies, at a cost to ourselves of ten rounds of 3-inch ammunition. I was elated with the brilliant shooting of Gunlayer "Pedro" Fenton and his men, for it was an extraordinary feat, performed with the smooth, effortless ease of a not too difficult gunnery exercise. But congratulations would have to come later, for it was essential to get out of the area and start south towards our rendezvous near Stromboli.

Our daylight patrol position for Operation Pedestal was two miles north of Cape Milazzo lighthouse, which lay eighteen miles west of the Messina naval base. It was not a comfortable spot, for the enemy were certain to have the area bristling with every anti-submarine device they could muster. I had said as much at Malta, but it was pointed out that the Admiralty at Whitehall were organizing the

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

Again and again our gun roared, until the train was crackling merrily with dancing yellow fires. Then, methodically, we blew the engine to pieces

convoy operation, and it was they who had chosen my position.

At 12.15 on the morning of August 10, at about the same time as the convoy was passing through the Straits of Gibraltar a thousand miles to westward, we reached a point four miles from our position, and took a look round. Visibility was good, the sea was calm, only a slight breeze blew from the north-east. Owing to a combination of minor faults and bad sea conditions, the asdic was out of action. But the hydrophones, which picked up audible sounds as distinct from the supersonic noises picked up on the asdic, were working, and we had not long been there when the report came up the voice-pipe: "Mushy H.E. bearing one-eight-five."

Puzzled, I went below and listened. Through the earphones I could hear a soft tapping; a sound quite unlike any I knew. It was constant, its bearing did not change, and it seemed to come straight from Cape Milazzo. The disturbing thought struck me that we had been picked up by some new-fangled detection device. I said nothing, however, but waited until dawn, when we dived and closed towards our patrol position.

Tracked By Enemy Patrol Boat

Still the soft, monotonous tapping. At 9 a.m., four miles north-west of Milazzo lighthouse, Thirsk summoned me to the control-room. "Ship coming towards us from the direction of the Cape, sir." I grasped the handles of the periscope and looked. An enemy patrol tug coming straight towards us. As there was no harbour or anchorage under the lighthouse it suggested she was being "beamed" on to us. I thought at once of the mysterious tappings and did not like the situation one bit.

"Eighty feet. Starboard twenty-five."

Down we plunged, and the next fifteen minutes passed in uneasy silence. And then, just as I was deciding it had been a false alarm, there was a *krrrump*, and the boat shuddered to the explosion of a depth charge. From experience I assessed it at being about four hundred yards off—as were the four others that followed. We promptly went into "silent routine" which meant that, in order not to transmit noises for the enemy to pick up, all machinery such as ventilation, refrigeration and water circulation systems was shut off, leaving only the motors and gyro-compass running.

Were Powerless To Hit Back

I glanced around the control-room. Apart from the licking of lips and the wrinkling of foreheads the others gave no indication of the tense anxiety they must certainly have been feeling. I experienced the same combination of nerves, claustrophobia and fury that I had suffered when sneaking through the minefield, for, as on that occasion, we were essentially on the defensive, powerless to hit back, unable to run away—simply wallowing there waiting for the enemy's accuracy of fire to improve.

But no more depth charges followed the first pattern of five, and after a while we crept back to periscope depth. The patrol tug was about a mile away—steering back towards the Cape. All very peculiar, I thought. We returned to our patrol position, and for an hour nothing happened. At 11.15, however, smoke was sighted—a minelayer steaming towards us from the Straits of Messina, escorted by a Cant flying-boat. The hydrophones were still picking up that extraordinary tapping, which seemed to confirm that the enemy was beamed on to us.

We went deep to 120 feet, and half an hour later depth charging commenced. For an hour it went on: patterns of four or five, with an interval of perhaps ten minutes between each pattern. Oddly, and fortunately, they were seldom closer than within three hundred yards of the Unbroken—far outside their lethal range. As a result, we were disturbed by nothing more than heart-jumping *krrumps* and occasional shudders—but all the time there was the nerve-fraying fear that the next one might hit the bull's-eye. At 1.15 our tormentor was joined by a pal, and the two of them continued the bombardment. We kept to our irregular zig-zag, and while I cursed the infernal device that had beamed the tugs on to us, I blessed its lack of absolute accuracy.

Explosions Shook The Rivets

My clothes were soaked in sweat, the air in the boat was thick and oily, and my nerves were in a wretched state. Then, at three o'clock, they moved away. The tension eased. I "fell out" diving stations and told Leading Stoker Fall that he could pass round tea and sandwiches. I was tempted to sneak back to periscope depth for a look round, but reason prevailed and we lumbered along as before.

It was getting on for 6.30 before the enemy made the next move. That was when Cryer reported "H.E. to starboard!" and before the words were fully out of his mouth a pattern of charges dropped close enough to shake the rivets

Some of Unbroken's crew and the Jolly Roger on their return in 1943. L. to R: Bramhall, Sharp, "Pedro" Fenton, Lancelot, McTeare, Gurr (top), Cryer, Mullett, Lieutenant Andrew (Unbroken's captain after Mars left), Butterworth, Smith, Fall (top), Burgess, Scutt, Osborne, Sizer, Crutch, Manuel

from our plates. I felt sick in the stomach. It was approaching dusk, and we simply had to surface before midnight in order to recharge our batteries and replenish our air. If we failed to do this we would be able to survive for no more than a further twelve hours.

After the first teeth-rattling pattern the enemy reverted to his curious behaviour of bombarding the sea a quarter of a mile away from us, and I took advantage of the fact to slip into the ward-room to study the charts and plot my next move. We were half way between Cape Milazzo and Stromboli, having steered roughly north in our attempt to dodge the depth charges. Apart from the fact that the position ordered by the Admiralty was a "natural" for underwater suicide, it was obvious that the enemy, knowing of our presence, would not send his cruisers into the Cape Milazzo area. I decided to choose another position, although it would be impossible to inform Captain "Shrimp" Simpson at Malta of the change. One pip on the wireless and the enemy would be able to fix our position to within the nearest hundred yards.

Thirty Miles From Position

For an hour, to the disturbing background music of distant *krrumps*, I made a careful appreciation of the inland sea between Malta and Gibraltar. In the end I decided on a position half way between the islands of Stromboli and Salina, reasoning that it was the best point of interception if the cruisers were using the port of Messina. It put us thirty miles from our ordered position, and if it turned out to be a miscalculation I was well aware of the fact that I would be hung from the highest yard-arm in Whitehall "as a mystery and a sign"—probably with a cowardice charge thrown in for good measure.

At 7.15 the enemy pushed off. Paul Thirsk did a little simple arithmetic and informed me that exactly seventy depth charges had been hurled in the general direction of the Unbroken that day. At 10.30, fifteen miles from Milazzo, I decided to surface. It was a tricky, yet necessary, decision, for the enemy might well have returned and could be waiting with stopped engines for the Unbroken to refill her lungs.

As the conning tower broke from the water I leapt to the bridge followed by Archdale and Signalman Osborne. Quickly we swept the sky and sea through binoculars. Nothing in sight. With the faint glow of Stromboli's volcano to port, I ordered: "Half buoyancy. Group up. Half ahead together. Start the engines." *Let's get out of here!* I thought.

Shortly before dawn we dived fifteen miles north-west of Stromboli, and looked forward to a quiet, lazy day catching up on lost sleep. Having made certain a thorough periscope watch was being kept, I turned in and managed to grab four hours rest. This was double the stretch I usually enjoyed, and gives some indication of my exhaustion after the strain of the depth-chargings. I had trained myself to sleep with my ears open, as it were, and any sounds, such as alterations to course, immediately wakened me. Apart from these interruptions, it was a standing order that I should be given a shake by the officer coming off watch every two hours in order to know exactly what had been happening. But on this occasion I slept for an undisturbed four hours—until 12.30 p.m. when we reached the "Mars Patrol Position" twelve and a half miles west-south-west of Stromboli peak.

The rest of that and the following day were quiet for us—but not for the convoy. As I was to learn later, it had been cruelly savaged. All fourteen merchant ships were modern and fast, capable of at least fourteen knots. All were of desperate importance to Malta. Accompanying them was one of the most powerful escorts in history. There were the battleships Rodney and Nelson, the aircraft carriers Illustrious, Victorious, Furious, Eagle and Indomitable, the cruisers Manchester, Nigeria, Cairo and Kenya, and no less than twenty-five destroyers. Six submarines patrolled off enemy ports.

The Eagle Sunk By U-boat

On Sunday, August 9, the convoy sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar fully aware that casualties were going to be heavy, but confident that the convoy would get through. It did—at a price.

On Tuesday the Eagle was hit by four U-boat torpedoes, rolled over and sank. After flying-off thirty-eight Spitfires which reached Malta and gave cover to the convoy later on, the Furious returned to Gib escorted by five of the destroyers. Luckily, a salvo of torpedoes aimed at the Nelson missed, but the Indomitable was hit by three bombs, the destroyer Foresight was torpedoed and sunk, the Nigeria was torpedoed and had to return to Gib, and the Cairo was torpedoed and had to be sunk.

The grim slaughter went on. On Wednesday, the heavy covering forces returned to Gib according to plan, for the enemy control of the air was too powerful even for the remaining three carriers. Two merchantmen blew up on Wednesday evening, and the Kenya limped along as best she could after being struck by a torpedo. Wave after wave of bombers, E-boats and U-boats tore into the convoy. Four more merchantmen were sent to the bottom, and the Manchester was torpedoed—or struck a mine—and had to be scuttled.

The Royal and Merchant Navies suffered terrible punishment in those forty-eight hours, but they won their fight. On the evening of Thursday, August 13, 1942, three ships sailed into Valletta, and Malta was saved. The following morning two more limped in, including the tanker Ohio.

Enemy Cruisers Approaching

But we knew nothing of this as we watched and waited off Stromboli, and spent Wednesday night baking in a midnight temperature of eighty-eight degrees. I was asleep in my deck-chair on the bridge when "Tiger" Fenton, our "spare officer," tapped my shoulder. "Captain, sir! The P.O. Tel has a signal in the control-room. It's emergency." Below, Petty Officer John Willey handed me the pink slip. From Vice-Admiral Commanding at Malta, it read: "Enemy cruisers coming your way."

My heart sank and I could have groaned aloud, for "your way" referred to Cape Milazzo, thirty miles to the south. As I wondered what on earth I should do, an explanatory signal came from Simpson. At 3 a.m. an aircraft had reported enemy cruisers off Sicily's Cape de Gallo steering east at twenty knots. This meant that they would pass my original position off Cape Milazzo at 7.30 a.m.—in two and a half hours' time. My immediate reaction was to order a full speed return towards Cape Milazzo. I could get half way there by dawn. And the enemy, making a detour around the area of the depth-charging in case we were still there, might well fall into our hands.

I lighted a cigarette and had another look at the charts. As I did so I was struck by a second possibility. The enemy admiral would know he had been reported because the aircraft which spotted him would have been bound to have dropped a flare. That being so, I reckoned he would have the good sense to alter course at least twenty degrees. Since he could not alter to starboard because of land, he would have to alter to port—and into our welcoming arms! I could see no other alternatives, and made a decision which, as far as I was concerned, was momentous. We would stay where we were.

Bacon And Eggs Before Battle

We dived early and I altered the breakfast hour to seven o'clock on the time-honoured principle of food before battle. In the middle of my bacon and eggs, assailed by doubts as to the wisdom of my decision, I heard Cryer report to the officer of the watch: "H.E. ahead, sir."

That was all I needed. With a bound that sent my breakfast crashing to the deck, I was in the control-room and holding the big periscope in my hands.

"Diving stations!"

The crew knew what was afoot and hurried eagerly to their positions.

"H.E. bearing two-three-oh. . . . Heavy units. . . . Fast."

I swung the periscope. The morning was fine but for a distant haze hanging over the surface of the sea. I could see nothing in the direction from which the H.E. was coming. I took the ear-phones and could hear a confused jumble of noise. It certainly came from heavy ships, but they were

Continued on page 27

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1 Boston Beans Mix 1 level teaspoon dry mustard with tablespoon vinegar. Add this to Batchelors Baked Beans (large can), mix, place in shallow ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with brown sugar, lay bacon rashers on top. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven for 30 mins.

2 Tasty Toasts Sieve or mash Batchelors Baked Beans (small can) and mix with 2 teaspoons thick sauce or chutney. Heat thoroughly and spread on toast. Sprinkle with parsley, cut into fingers and serve hot.

3 Bean Express Melt a nut of margarine over *low* heat, add tablespoon milk, seasoning and 2 oz. cheese. Stir till melted. Mix in Batchelors Baked Beans (large can), put in shallow dish. Sprinkle with cheese, brown under grill and serve.

3½ Hungry Hunter Soup To a large can of Batchelors Cream of Tomato Soup, add a small can of Batchelors Baked Beans. Serve piping hot with a sprinkling of grated cheese.

Young Mother Hubbard

"DAUGHTER ROSEMARY was near tears. She'd coaxed the great Italian singer down from London for our charity concert — now disaster! First, the rehearsal had gone badly, then he'd had no food. Curtain up in an hour and he was raging in our living room! Rosemary, I thought to myself, this is where your Mother Hubbard comes in, as I flew to the larder and grabbed a can of Batchelors Baked Beans. Would my temptation succeed? But I needn't have worried. I know what my lovely, tasty Batchelors Baked Beans do to a man and after two mouthfuls Rosemary and I had got him so he was ready to sing for ever . . ."

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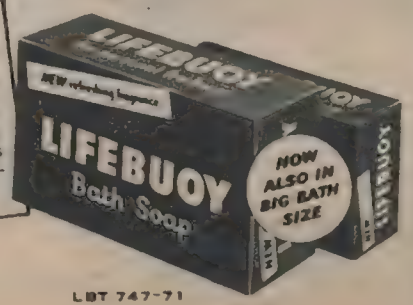

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JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 9

is dusting, and the slender stone columns, leaping heavenward, buckle alarmingly outward. The spire—404 feet high, the highest in Britain—was added a century after the cathedral was finished, and was mounted on piers never designed to stand such a strain.

All down the centuries anxious canons have been calling in architects—Sir Christopher Wren was one—to advise them on how to keep their famous spire in the air. Today, still, the organist is enjoined to moderate his volume; and only last year the top twenty-five feet of the spire was rebuilt, at a cost of £25,000 raised by public subscription.

Tell-tale Damage Marks

The day-to-day charge of this great structure is the responsibility of Bert Parsons, the clerk of the works, an energetic young man whom I finally ran to earth in the "Plumbery"—a collection of worksheds tucked away between the nave and the cloisters.

"We can generally reckon," says Parsons, "that each gale we get will make about three weeks' work. There's 2,500 tons of timber up there in the upper roof that's liable to get moved about a bit. There are two hundred tell-tale marks at points of strain in the tower and at the foot of plinths to be checked."

A yard or two in front of us a young apprentice mason, Gordon Tucker, was shaping a block of Chilmark stone for the repair of a fourteenth-century pier. The stone looked surprisingly yellow and soft. But up there, high on the cathedral side, it would soon harden and take on the beautiful smooth silver-grey finish of the rest.

The medieval masons who built this place were paid one penny a day until, in one of the first strikes in British history, they won a farthing rise—whence Pennyfarthing Street in Salisbury today.

They certainly seem to have been worth their money. At the top of the tower in Salisbury Cathedral is the treadmill they set up. It is still in use for hauling heavy blocks of stone up to the spire. "You just walk in it, and it works," says Parsons. "No worry at all about mains and fuses. It's very handy!"

Since those great days when majestic cathedrals were rising all over the land, the craft of the mason has fallen into decline. But in Parsons's plumbery the old sheds are coming down and a modern power-equipped workshop is rising in their stead, the first of its kind in any cathedral in the land. And Bert Parsons, who himself started as an apprentice mason at Sherborne Abbey, dreams of the day when a new school of masons will grow up in Salisbury, young men of art and faith who will go out from the shadow of this world-famed spire to put to rights all the parish churches of the land.

The Lively Over-Eighties

"If you want to see a really lively collection of octogenarians," someone remarked to me that morning in the Close, "this is the place." I thought of that as, down the West Walk, came an old cleric, walking with a stick.

The old man stopped at No. 29, a delightful old house with a porch, and went inside. He was the Rev. Canon Thomas Jervis, the Vicar of the Close—a post usually given to an elderly canon to occupy his retirement. "I'm just a spare wheel, and a bit burst at that!" was eighty-two year old Canon Jervis's own cheerful description.

His parishioners include one bishop, one suffragan bishop (without a seat in the House of Lords), a couple of hundred girl student-teachers, thirty-odd theological students, a couple of architects and an eye specialist, a retired general and the ten widows and spinster daughters of the Matrons' College, which was founded in 1682 to provide for the impoverished womenfolk of the diocesan clergy.

As Vicar of the Close, Canon Jervis is responsible for its weddings and funerals. In theory, only the residents of the Close are entitled to be married in the cathedral, their parish church. In practice, the socially eminent or aspirant can manage it by paying for the choir and organist (about £50 the lot) and by arranging to stay in the Close for a weekend while the banns are put up.

The Vicar of the Close is also chaplain of St. Nicholas's Hospital, the thirteenth-century foundation for "six brethren and six sisters" which lies on the Avon's bank at Harnham Bridge. It was while leaning over Harnham Bridge, gazing idly at St. Nicholas's Hospital, that a post officer surveyor named Anthony Trollope conceived the idea for the first of the Barchester novels that were to bring him enduring fame. And, as one walks around the Close, it is still hard not to feel that Archdeacon Grantley or Precentor Harding may not come stepping out of almost any house at any moment.

What with one thing and another, it is fortunate, perhaps, that they don't. They might not feel at home.

Exclusiveness Has Gone

These days, probably more laity than clergy live in the Close. When a house falls vacant, the rule is that it must first be offered to one of the canons. But rarely can a canon afford to live there. So the house is then offered in the normal way—with two stipulations. First that the new occupants must be members of the Church of England. Second that they must not be divorced persons.

Chancellor Canon Charles Dimont looked up from his portable typewriter in his study in the Close. "That's been one of the big changes in late years," he said. "The old exclusiveness of the Close has quite gone." The canon, a frail-looking, white-haired but spritely octogenarian, is a case in point. With his duties inside the Close he combines the jobs of Workers' Educational Association lecturer, chairman of the Juvenile Employment Committee, and a leader of local Rotary.

From out of the Old Bishop's Palace, which is now the Cathedral School, a massive and melancholy castellated structure set in its own great lawns, a column of choristers moved across the green expanse of the Close. Few small boys live a life so exacting, so dedicated. The mere details are exhausting. Evensong every day except Wednesdays; Matins twice a week; three sung services on Sundays—and two rehearsals a day.

Music Room's Secret

At No. 5, The Close, where Salisbury organists have been living since 1340, Douglas Guest, the present organist, rehearses the boys in the Old Music Room. There was an exciting moment recently when a bit of the floor subsided—revealing a tunnel running away underneath. City and Close are riddled with these secret passages and hiding holes, which concealed, among others, Charles II escaping to France after Worcester.

About the age of eight and a half, a Salisbury choirboy embarks on his career with the public trials held every March. From thirty or forty, three or four are chosen. "Even more than a good voice," says Douglas Guest, "what I look for is a sense for music. A boy's got to have music in his bones if he's going to stand up to this. . . ."

Each year, on St. Nicholas's Day—after a probationary year of musical study and practice and discipline—the new choristers are officially admitted to the choir, "bumped," head first, by two senior choristers on a historic hollowed stone in the cathedral, in the presence of the dean and chapter. Whether the stone was hollowed by contact with choirboys' heads down the centuries, or whether it was that way from the start, is not known.

In the choir the sixteen choristers, in their black gowns and white neck ruffs, are joined by the six "Vicars Choral," professional male singers who, for the most part, have another job in the city.

The low tones of the organ steal through the nave. In the distant

LIFE WITH MOTHER

I WAS THIRTEEN the year my mother first took me on tour with her to South Africa. One of my jobs was to act as her secretary and, in that capacity, I became the instigator of a practical joke played on her by the entire company.

It began with a letter supposed to have come from the father of a stage-struck girl. Respectfully, he asked for advice and sought an appointment. Unsuspecting, Mother told me to fix it.

For the interview, Carleton Hobbs and Walter Hudd, two members of the company, disguised themselves as the father and daughter. They were received with customary graciousness, but something in the "father's" eyes gave him away, and Mother suddenly became aware that the entire company was grinning at her from the doorway. She turned to the "daughter."

"My dear," she said, genuinely distressed, "they are up to their tricks again. I hope this won't put you off the theatre." It wasn't until Hudd removed his wig that she realized how completely she had been taken in.

Mother's ingenuousness was sometimes quite embarrassing. Once, at an Aberdeen University election, she was asked to speak on behalf of a Socialist candidate in his fight against a pacifist. Unfortunately for the Socialist, his opponent spoke first. Mother was so carried away by the pacifist's arguments that, when she stepped on to the platform, she had to admit she was converted to the other side.

Yet I have known her capable of inspired tact. One year we visited my brothers' training ship on sports day, when both boys ran in the half-mile race. Neither was successful, but whereas John finished the course, Christopher dropped out.

Afterwards Mother rushed up to John and said: "Darling, I thought it was wonderful of you to stick it right out to the end." And then, later, to Christopher she said: "I did think it was so courageous of you, darling, to walk off the moment you felt you'd had enough."

When there were parts for children in Mother's plays, we usually managed to wangle ourselves into them.

Once I remember falling asleep in her dressing-room and, almost the next moment, waking up on my feet, with my cue and the audience waiting. The curtain had gone up before the stage manager realized I was missing. Mother, clad in armour, had carried me out sleeping and put me on the stage from the wings.

The strongest single influence in my childhood was my mother's own example. She has always been possessed of tremendous energy, and still manages to run her own home, correspond with people all over the world, speak on behalf of causes, practise her music and voice exercises, and take my children for a walk nearly every morning—on top of her work in the theatre.

Her time is never wasted. Late in life she had to learn to cook. It was an emotional experience almost as exhausting as learning a part.

She was as sensitive of her early efforts as any newly married wife. Once when she had put all she had into the preparation of a special dish, I recall her indignation mounting steadily as she watched Father eating it without visible emotion.

"Well?" she demanded aggressively. "What do you think of your lunch?"

"Why, was something wrong with it?" he asked tactlessly.

Then the storm broke. It was one of the few times I've seen her really angry with him.

Mother has since become a really good cook, with the same dogged determination that made her a great actress, and Father has learnt to be more appreciative. He daren't be otherwise!

Who are the famous mother and daughter? For their names—and the complete photograph—turn to page 33

choir, the boys' voices rise, flutingly, soaring up the slender columns, warming the austere void of the great cathedral. There was no one there to hear, no one save the clergy, the vergers, the sextons. But no audience was needed. This was an observance, an act of worship, in sound. It had been carried on here, just like this, day after day, year after year, for seven hundred years.

Outside, the red light warning to aircraft glowed on the top of the rebuilt spire. Grey and green lichen, changing colour with the seasons, dappled the smooth grey walls. An unearthly stillness, an almost Irish softness, enveloped the Close. Five rivers twine about the city like arteries around the heart. The water flows over the gravel, seeps through the water-logged chalk underneath it. Once there had been a bishop who said: "Salisbury is the sink of the Wiltshire Plain, the Close is the sink of Salisbury, and the Bishop's Palace is the sink of the Close."

But just now the soft stillness builds up the illusion—if illusion it is. The mellow old houses, walling in the Close, seem to belong to a better, more tranquil world. Few of the tourists who, all summer, come pouring into the Close, are churchgoers; few are in the conventional sense religious men and women; yet here, in the Close, is a spiritual experience which leaves few entirely untouched.

"So beautiful . . . such peace . . ." they murmur to Close Constable Searle, hard at it collecting the shilling parking fees from the cars that come swinging under the gateway out of the High Street at the rate of 20,000 a year.

The tourists, balancing the cathedral's precarious budget, bringing money into the town's shops, cement

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BRANCHES & AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

the amicable relationship of city and Close. It was not always so. Until 1611, when the city finally wrested itself free from the control of the bishop, clergy and citizens bickered and fought.

And, as town-planner Thomas Sharp points out, even today the city retains one mark at least of its former clergy-ridden state. Though, outside the town, a signpost points to "*The Long Bridge—The Scene of Constable's World Famous Picture,*" within the town itself there is nowhere where tourists or citizens can have either access or view of the lovely stream that winds through it. And where is the river? Where else but at the bottom of the canons' long gardens!

All the same, there is still plenty to see.

In Canal Street is something quite remarkable—a cinema with a foyer which, at a glance, is one more example of Hollywood Tudor. It isn't, though. It's Henry VIII Tudor.

At the entrance, the posters of this week's epic; at the far end, the pay-box; and, in between, a slice of the *nouveau riche* opulence of one of our earliest capitalists, John Halle, a mayor of Salisbury who, according to the contemporary chronicler, "purchased all the wool of Salisbury Plain." For here, as a framed notice points out, is one of the few surviving examples in England of the halls of wealthy fourteenth-century wool merchants.

The Unexpected Notice

To this, the tourists' Salisbury, belongs the city's little museum, an enterprise with a refreshingly individual note. "OWING TO THE NATIONALISATION OF THE RAILWAYS," starts out a notice, somewhat unexpectedly, and goes on to explain that the financial circumstances of the museum having thus been reduced, contributions are welcomed. In fact, this is not the city's museum, but a private enterprise run on voluntary support, though the corporation is permitted—one rather gathers with some misgivings—to add its contribution.

It is a pokey, magpie's nest sort of a place, but for me at least its crowding exhibits, dredged up from Salisbury's drains, rescued from attics and ancient cupboards, carried a conviction and brought a thrill not experienced in slicker establishments.

In a room festooned with rusty mantraps of overpowering ferocity, I found myself staring hypnotized at a small, shrivelled rat that reposed under a bell-glass. "The Preserved Body of a Rat," announced the label, "found in the skull of William Longuespée, Earl of Salisbury, when the tomb was opened by Wyatt in 1791. This is an old English Black Rat and is in a remarkable state of preservation. It has been suggested that Longuespée died at Old Sarum, 'not without suspicion of poison' and, in fact, arsenical poisoning might account for the condition of the rat."

I was considering these sinister implications when I became aware of a gentle voice at my elbow. "I'm sorry," it was saying, "I'm very sorry to say that theory's now been a little discounted. . . ."

I turned to find a white-haired old lady in a museum assistant's overall, who went on to chat about the unfortunate Longuespée and the marital affairs which led up to his problematic liquidation as though he had been an old next-door neighbour. She was, it emerged, Mrs. Stevens, widow of the local antiquary who had first arranged the museum.

Towering above us, and above the sedan chair in which I was assured old ladies were being ferried about the Close till 1860, rose with monstrous inconsequence the gigantic coffee-brown head of St. Christopher, the Salisbury Giant.

Star Of The Procession

Christopher was the mascot of the Guild of Tailors and, with his page, astride his black and rather sinister hobby-horse, Hob-Nob, was once taken out in procession by the Guild every mid-summer. But with the Reformation, such goings-on came to be frowned on and, finally, poor old Christopher was cast aside.

"He's the only giant left in the country, so he's *very* valuable," said Mrs. Stevens.

We peeped under the giant's immense skirts and saw the wooden rests where a six-foot man could walk, bearing the giant on his shoulders.

"Why is he so dark?" I asked, rather rudely.

Mrs. Stevens was unperturbed. "Well, you see, he lived in the Middle East, didn't he, and, of course, he's got darker in the flux of time."

The flux of time! In the centre of the room, under the bold bright stare of St. Christopher and the demure glance of Miss Wyndham from her glass case, stood a large table-top model of the windy hilltop of Old Sarum, with its cathedral and, below, "Election Acre," where the nine electors of the "city" used to meet in solemn farce to elect their two M.P.s right up to the time of the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.

Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, rotten borough voters—and now Herbert Baker, custodian of Ancient Monuments, brewing up his tea in a green Office of Works hut.

A Ponderous Full Circle

When Baker first came to his lonely hilltop in 1927 and began to grub up the first of his forty large bags of moss, Butt's Farm at the foot of the hill had been the only building around. Since then, year by year, he had watched the houses creeping up out of the valley, lining all the main roads, intruding on the skylines, spoiling the majestic sweep of the downs.

And now, at a council meeting reported in the *Journal* that day, the city of New Sarum had announced its latest extension scheme, pushing out its boundaries to the north so that they swept around the ancient hill. Old and New Sarum were one again.

After seven centuries, the ponderous processes of history, which Bishop Richard Poore set on foot when, barefooted, he led his clergy out from the great ramparts on the hill and down to the plain, had come at last full circle. THE END

Another article in this series will appear shortly

A TWO-PART PROFILE THAT PULLS NO PUNCHES

Jack Solomons, the lucky Tsar of Boxing

BY KEITH ELLIS . . . IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"Of course I remember you, Miss Baldwin. I never forget a dress"

UNBROKEN

Continued from page 22

a long way off. I went back to the periscope. My heart thumped like a trip-hammer, but I noticed with satisfaction that my hands were steady and my eyes were clear.

Then I saw them as their masts broke through the haze on the horizon. In my joy I could have danced a jig.

They were now well over the horizon. "Two. . . . Three. . . . *Four!* Yes, four cruisers in line ahead, coming straight towards us. . . . Range?"

Chief engine-room artificer Manuel read off from the range scale above my head. "Range, twelve thousand, sir."

"Down periscope. Port twenty-five. Group up. . . . Up after periscope."

As the smaller periscope cut the surface I had a quick look round for aircraft close to. There was none; but two anti-submarine Cants hovered over the cruisers.

"Down after periscope. Fifty feet."

Fifty feet would have to do. I wanted to keep my eye on this magnificent array of ships, and it would take too long to get down to eighty feet and back. As the needles passed thirty-five feet I ordered: "Full ahead together." I turned to Haddow. "Two eight inch cruisers and, I think, two six inch. Anyhow, four cruisers for certain."

Haddow raised an eyebrow. I nodded. He passed the glad tidings over the broadcaster in a commendably calm, quiet voice.

Broadside Attack

Archdale was manipulating the "fruit machine," knowing it was my intention to get into a position whereby, as the cruisers passed, I would have the entire lengths of their sides at which to aim. "Course for a ninety degree track, sir, one-four-oh."

"Steer one-four-oh."

The helmsman eased his wheel. The planes-man levelled up.

We shuddered as the propellers lashed the water and the submarine leaped across the enemy's bows at her top speed. Assuming the cruisers kept to their course we would have to get about eight hundred yards off their path, turn around and fire. I had fifteen minutes in which to do this—just time enough.

I then announced an item of information I had kept to myself. "There are eight modern destroyers and two seaplanes escorting. Shut off for depth charging."

As Haddow relayed the information to the rest of the boat, I felt a moment of queasiness. It was a feeling I knew of old—a boyhood memory of a twelve stone brute flashing down the touchline of a rugger field, the full back at the other side of the field, and only myself to bring him down. . . .

This time, however, I was not alone. I looked at the faces around me.

Haddow, an enigmatic smile on his lips, watched the depth gauges like a lynx. On him depended whether I would be able to see or not when the moment of firing came. Thirsk was crouched low over his chart, oblivious to everything save the job on hand. Archdale gazed oddly at the fruit machine as though it was about to give birth. On him depended the director angle. Cryer, humped over the now repaired asdic, had a grin on his face I can only describe as fiendish. Engine-room artificer Lewis hovered by the telemotor and blowing panels, watching the pressure indicators with deep concentration. Manuel stood behind me ready to read off the periscope and keep me clamped to the director angle at the time of firing.

No Second Chance

Throughout the boat it was the same. Men going about their duties calmly, intelligently and efficiently, well aware that this was a "now or never" opportunity—a torpedo attack against heavily escorted units travelling at high speed. There would be no second chance. We had to deliver a single, swift knock-out punch.

"Bring all tubes to the ready." I ordered. "Torpedo depth settings fourteen and sixteen feet."

After a run of three minutes we crept back to periscope depth. I lifted my finger and the attack periscope was raised until the eye-piece was just clear of the deck. I curled into a squatting position and looked. Still under water. Lewis raised the periscope, slowly dragging my body up with it. As soon as the top glass cut the surface I whisked around to see if anything was too close to us. Then on to the target.

"Down after, up forrard periscope."

The line of cruisers had altered course away from us and had taken up a form of quarter line. This meant the nearest would be one of the eight-inch cruisers. She would be my target.

Although the range was rather more than one could wish, the disadvantage was cancelled by the fact that the new formation presented an excellent multiple target—one of the more distant six-inch cruisers might be hit by a torpedo that missed the eight-inch job. I congratulated myself on this stroke of luck, and turned to study the eight evil-looking destroyers and their accompanying aircraft—the boys who could well wreck my chances.

Fortunately, five of the destroyers were well out of it on the far side of

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"Speaking as a landlubber . . ." said **JACK HAWKINS**

"I've seen enough of the Cruel Sea in the last few weeks to last me a lifetime."

"I've had *a lifetime of it," said Chief E. R. A. Sowter. "And I take it you don't think much of life on the ocean wave?"*

"Well, after all, I'm an actor, don't forget. What with waves as high as a house—and the deck at that angle—"

"I know, Mr. Hawkins—I've sometimes felt the same myself!"

"Oh well, 'Home is the sailor, home from sea' as they say. It's all over and done with. So let's relax and have a cigarette, Chief."

"Aye, aye, Sir! Nothing I'd like better."

"That goes for me too. You know, after I've smoked this CAPSTAN, I'll be ready to sink fifty U-boats. Shouldn't be surprised if I ended up an Admiral."

* * *

'THE CRUEL SEA'
(an Ealing Studios production)
A tense, gripping film (from the best-selling novel) about the hazards of war-time convoying in the North Atlantic.

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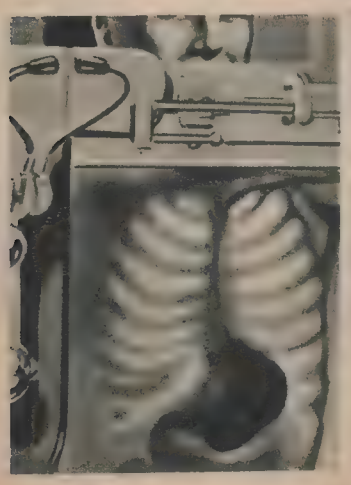
X-rays on Indigestion



This X-ray experiment carried out by an eminent radiologist will interest every sufferer from indigestion and similar stomach disorders.

A patient suffering from acute indigestion was X-rayed first before and then two hours after a méal. The second X-ray plate showed that the stomach was distended by undigested food. Repeating the experiment later, the patient was given a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia after his meal. This time the X-ray photograph showed that there was practically no distension — thanks to 'Bismag' digestion was proceeding normally.

This was just a single experiment, of course, but all over the world, in 45 different countries, millions of sufferers depend on this scientifically balanced antacid prescription for quicker, surer relief. Ask your chemist for 'Bismag.'

the cruisers. Obligingly, the aircraft had gone that way, too. The aircraft might come back, but I reckoned I was safe at periscope depth for the time being. The other three destroyers were still in line ahead, and if they did not alter course I would be able to sneak across their bows and fire from inside the "screen"—from between them and the cruisers.

"Down periscope."

Archdale looked round. "New enemy course, oh-seven-oh. What speed shall I allow, sir?"

Thirsk said: "Speed from plot twenty-two knots."

Cryer reported: "Two hundred revs, sir. That gives twenty-five knots according to the table for Italian eight-inch cruisers."

"Give them twenty-five knots." I said. Archdale manipulated the fruit machine. "Director angle, green three-six-and-a-half."

Surprise For Enemy

Thirty-six and a half degrees. That was the amount I would have to "lay off" from the direction in which our bows were pointing. A big angle. It would need care.

"All tubes ready, sir. Torpedoes set at fourteen and sixteen feet."

"Very good." Torpedoes set at that depth, hitting a ship doing twenty-five knots, would make as big a mess as anyone could wish for. I glanced at my watch. Exactly eight o'clock. *They'll be having breakfast now, or getting ready for a run ashore at Messina. They'll be lucky!*

I felt good. In my pint-sized submarine I was going to tackle twelve enemy warships all at one time. A story for my grandchildren—if the destroyers and aircraft let me live to tell it.

"Slow together. . . . Stop starboard. Up periscope."

The tip of the attack periscope nosed out of the water. I grasped the handles hard as though to stop it protruding too far, and raised my little finger when six inches were exposed. Lewis stopped it dead. I swept round quickly to fix the aircraft. They were still over on the other side of the "screen."

The three destroyers in line ahead were still tearing towards me, although I was just a fraction inside them. With luck I would have a clear view of my target. They could not have picked us up on their asdics or they would be circling ready to drop depth charges, but they were going to pass us too damn' near for comfort. I could go deep and fire by asdic, but I was reluctant to do this as firing at a noise is obviously less accurate than firing at a seen object. Nonetheless, we set the asdic firing angle, just in case.

Risk Worth Taking

All this flashed through my mind in less than a second, and a moment later I uttered a loud curse as I saw the nearest destroyer alter course straight towards us. She was no more than fifteen hundred yards off. I did some quick thinking. "How much do *Navigatori*-class destroyers draw?"

"Fifteen to eighteen feet, sir."

It meant she would pass over our hull but not over the conning tower. Unless she missed us by the narrowest of margins, her keel would snap off the periscope and slice our conning tower with the ease of a tin-opener. It was a risk we would have to take. I had no intention of losing my target.

Our target. . . . I swung the periscope. There she was, still on the same course. To my joy I saw that overlapping her was one of the six-inch cruisers. I had a double length at which to aim.

I winced as I swung back to the destroyers. The crashing bow wave of the nearest was less than a thousand yards off. A little voice nagged at the back of my brain: *Remember your command course training. A fast destroyer, head on at under a thousand yards. Go deep! Go deep, you fool! You haven't a hope. . . .*

"Down periscope."

Archdale said: "Just under a minute now, sir."

"Stand by all tubes. . . . Lewis, if my periscope is knocked off as the destroyer passes over, put up the forrard periscope without further orders."

"Director angle green three-six-and-a-half," Archdale reported.

"Asdic bearing of target green four-two."

"Up periscope."

I swung the periscope. Two destroyers had passed fairly close. The third towered above me. I felt very calm. I could see the stem cutting the water like a monster scythe . . . the forrard gun . . . a part of the bridge. She was too close for me to see more, but I was a hair's-breadth off her port bow and unless she altered course she would not ram us. With a deafening roar she rushed past, and I caught a momentary glimpse of a scruffy-looking sailor smoking a cigarette as he leaned against a depth charge thrower.

Manuel's breath was hot on my neck as he strained to keep me clamped to the director angle. As the destroyer's stern flicked past my nose, the target came on my sights.

"Fire one!"

The boat jumped with the percussion. "Half ahead together. Down periscope."

"Fire two!" Archdale gave the order from his stop watch. The fast target allowed for an interval of only eight seconds between torpedoes.

"Fire three!"

From Cryer: "One. . . . Two. . . . Three torpedoes running."

"Eighty feet! Group up!"

"Fire four!"

"Hard a-starboard. Full ahead together."

"Fourth torpedo running, sir."

We spiralled downwards. . . .

Roar Of Triumph

On a south-westerly course eighty feet deep we hurried from the firing position at a rattling nine knots. I was very aware that the passing destroyer had caused me to fire late and I hoped the speed of my target had been over-estimated.

The seconds crawled past. The scene in the control-room might have been transplanted from a militant Madame Tussauds—the tense, still figures, some standing, some sitting, others crouching, all rigidly silent, unblinking and tight-lipped, straining to catch the sound of a torpedo striking home. For two minutes and fifteen seconds we were like that, until a great clattering explosion brought a back-slapping roar of triumph to shatter the illusion.

We've done it! We've hit the cruiser! Then, fifteen seconds later, a second explosion. "Tell the boys it's two hits for certain!"

What a moment that was. The 600-ton Unbroken had tackled four cruisers, a couple of aircraft, and eight submarine-killing destroyers. Had tackled them and beaten them!

NEXT WEEK: We launch a cloak-and-dagger raid on an Italian harbour

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Relax!

A WEST-COUNTRY friend came to London recently for the first time. He couldn't stand it, and before the week ended he went home.

To him, everyone seemed to do nothing but rush here and dash there. "I only hope," he said, "they know where they are going."

Do we? I doubt it. Aren't we in danger of having "no blessed time for love or hope, but only time for grief?" The ability to relax is a precious thing that "civilization" seems bent on taking away from us—if we let it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

IN THE WET

Continued from page 14

Federal Government and the R.A.A.F. should object. I've been in touch with Canberra about it, and there would be no objection from our side."

He paused, and then went on, "Of course, it's entirely up to you. It means a break in your service career, but you wouldn't be required to leave the air force. It means immediate promotion to the rank of wing commander with pay and allowances for that rank in Australian currency, as usual. But you would be detached for special duties with the Queen's Flight."

David sat in silence for a minute, thinking over this extraordinary proposal.

"What made them pick on me?" he asked. "They've got plenty of good pilots in England. And anyway, they haven't any aeroplanes."

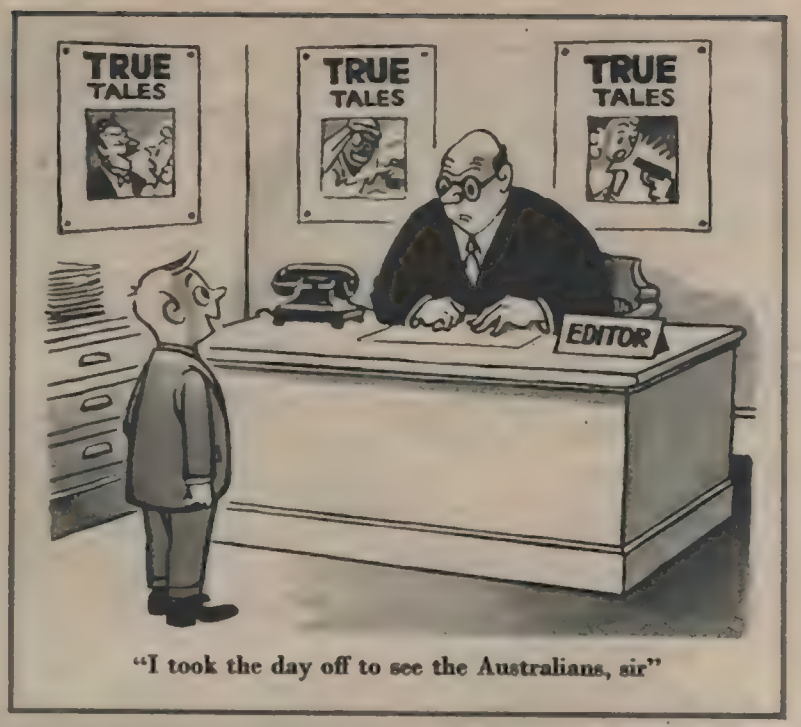
"That's true enough. . . ." The Commissioner hesitated. "I don't know how much you know of what's been going on," he said at last. "Did you know that the House of Representatives have voted the funds to present a de Havilland 316 to the Queen's Flight?"

A vague memory of a small paragraph in *The Aeroplane* stirred in the pilot's mind. "I think I did read something about it."

Ferguson nodded. "The Canadians are doing the same thing."

"Are they?" the pilot said in wonder. "The Queen's Flight is going to have two 316s?"

"That is so. . . ."



"I took the day off to see the Australians, sir"

FERGUSON hesitated. "If you should take this job, David, the first thing you'll have to learn is to keep out of politics and stick to your flying."

The pilot nodded. "I never bother about politics," he said.

"That's fine." The High Commissioner paused. "For many years the aeroplanes for the journeys of the Royal Family have been paid for by the State." He glanced at David. "You understand that this is all completely confidential, Squadron Leader?"

"Of course, sir."

"Yes. Well . . . it has now been proposed that the Queen's Flight should be abolished on the grounds of economy, and that the Royal Family should make arrangements with Transport Command of the R.A.F. whenever they wish to make a journey by air. And this proposal has come forward when the 316 will make it possible for Royalty to get from Windsor to the Royal Residence at Canberra in twenty hours, and to their residence at Ottawa in less than six hours."

He paused. "The Federal Government," he said quietly, "and the Canadian Government also—we think it very wrong that the freedom of movement of the Monarch in the Commonwealth should be in any way controlled by the British Government through the Royal Air Force, however generously that control may be exercised. To prevent that situation from arising, our government, and that of Canada, have each offered to present a 316 to the Queen's Flight, and to provide all maintenance. Her Majesty has accepted this offer, and she has asked that the crews for these machines shall be composed entirely of Canadian and Australian personnel. That's how this job comes to be offered to you, David. You're the officer they've picked to be captain of this aircraft, representing Australia."

David sat in thought, in gloomy silence for a minute or two.

"Whose idea was this?" he said at last.

"Frank Cox suggested your name first," the High Commissioner replied, "when it was agreed in principle that the crew of this machine should be Australians."

"He doesn't know anything about me," David said. "I don't think I should be suitable at all."

Ferguson smiled. "They've taken a good deal of trouble to investigate you, of course. They asked for details of your service record, which we gave them. You've met the Assistant Private Secretary, haven't you?"

"What secretary?"

"The Assistant Private Secretary to the Queen—Major Macmahon. You had dinner with him, didn't you?"

"There was a chap called Macmahon there when I went to dinner with Frank Cox," the pilot said. "Is that who he was?"

"That's right. You made a good impression."

"Didn't eat my tucker with my fingers?"

The High Commissioner laughed. "That's right."

David sat in silence. At last he said: "Can I have a day or two to think it over?"

"Of course. It might be a good thing if you had a talk with Frank Cox."

"I think it would be," the pilot said. "There are a lot of things he ought to know before I take a job like this."

Ferguson eyed him for a minute. "I see that you don't care about it much," he said presently. "What's the trouble?"

The pilot shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care all that about this country," he said. "They're still the best engineers in the world, and they build the best aeroplanes. But anyone can have the rest of it, so far as I'm concerned."

"How long have you been over here?" the High Commissioner asked. "Two months?"

"Nearly three," the pilot said. "I've only got another nine months to do here before I get back to Australia."

"Never been in England before?"

David shook his head.

"They're a great people still," the High Commissioner said, "and they can still teach us a thing or two. But anyway, you think it over and have a talk with Frank Cox. Give me a ring on Monday or Tuesday and let me know what you've decided."

DAVID ANDERSON went away and lunched at the Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall; like many officers in the Australian Services, he had found a welcome and hospitality in that club. In the lounge he met an Australian naval officer, a Queenslander like himself, that he knew fairly well.

Lieutenant-Commander Fawcett said: "Hallo, Nigger. Come and have a drink."

"Have a tomato juice," said David. They went into the bar.

"What are you doing in town?"

"Mooching around and seeing the sights," said David.

Commander Fawcett had just come back from a holiday in which he had motored to Scotland up one side of England and down the other. "Didn't spent a single night in a hotel," he said.

"Camping?"

"Empty houses," the commander said. "There's no difficulty at all in finding one to sleep in."

"Pity they can't shift 'em all out to Australia," said David. "We could do with them."

"Too right we could. They should have built them portable, when they were building all these houses in the fifties."

"It's the hell of a waste."

"You can't take twelve or thirteen million people out of England without waste," said Fawcett. "This place had a population of fifty millions when these houses were built."

"How are you liking it here?" David asked.

"I like it all right," said Fawcett. "There's something about it that we haven't got at home."

"What?"

The naval officer laughed. "I don't know. Something."

"We'll have more people in ten years."

"Maybe. You don't like it much?"

"Australia's good enough for me," said David. "It's interesting over here, and I'm glad I've been, but I don't care how soon I get back."

He rang up Group Captain Cox after lunch, and found he was in town and not far off, at the office of the Queen's Flight in St. James's Palace. David went round to the palace to see him.

He found the Queen's Flight in those rambling buildings with some difficulty; it occupied a three-room flat on the first floor overlooking Engine Court, a flat consisting of office and sitting-room and a bedroom used by Frank Cox when he stayed in town. A girl typing in the office by the telephone welcomed him and showed him into the sitting-room.

The group captain got up to meet him.

"'Afternoon, David," he said genially. "Have you seen the High Commissioner?"

"My cobbers call me Nigger," the Australian said directly.

Cox glanced at him. "Oh? Why?"

"Because I am one. I'm a quadroon."

The Captain of the Queen's Flight smiled. "Do you know—I *did* wonder about that. Which side was the colour on?"

"My mother's," said David. "I'm a dinkum Aussie—more than most. My grandmother was a full-blood Aboriginal from somewhere up in the Cape York Peninsula. I don't know who my grandfather was, but he was white. My mother was an illegitimate half-caste. I've got a lot of coffee-coloured uncles and aunts scattered round the Gulf Country."

"I see. Were your father and mother married?"

The pilot nodded. "I've got a birth certificate. He died last year, my father—he ran the store in a little town called Forsayth. My mother died about five years ago."

The group captain said: "Well, what's all this got to do with me, David? Have a cigarette."

Anderson took one and lit it. "Nigger's the name."

"All right—Nigger, if you like it." He held a match for the younger man's cigarette. "Did the High Commissioner tell you what we want you to do?"

"He told me."

"And what did you think about it? Sit down." He dropped into a Chippendale armchair himself.

The pilot sat down by the table and rested his arms upon it, facing the group captain. "It's a very great compliment," he said slowly. "The only thing is, I'm not the right man for the job."

"Why not?"

"Colour, for one thing," said the pilot bluntly. "I'm not white. That might make a lot of trouble some time or another."

"I rather doubt that," said Frank Cox. "You don't look coloured. You look a bit tanned, that's all. As a matter of fact, the point came up a few days ago—after you dined with us. Macmahon said you were coloured, and I said that I didn't think you were. We talked it over on the assumption that he was correct, and we decided that it really didn't matter—bearing in mind your other qualifications."

"I'm not the man in other ways," David said. "I've not got the right background. I couldn't get alongside the sort of people that you deal with here, in this place." He glanced around him at the panelled walls, at the leaded casement window. "I started as a grocer's boy in Townsville." He struggled to express himself. "I mean, this is a social job, where you've got to know what to say to a duchess, or perhaps even the Queen herself. You want somebody who knows the ropes, and won't say the wrong thing and make everybody look stupid."

"We know what we want," said Cox. "Leave that to us. The chief thing that we want is an Australian who is very thorough and reliable, and who can take a 316 safely to Australia or any other part of the world practically in his sleep. We've been into this with a great deal of care, and our first choice was you."

"I could find you others who were just as good, born white."

"We aren't asking you to find us others," said Frank Cox. "We're asking you to take charge of a 316 and train the crew and fly it as required. As for the colour, you can put that out of your mind. We aren't asking you to marry into the Royal Family."

THE pilot sat in silence. At last he said: "How long would the job be for?"

"Indefinite," said Cox. "If you take it on, I think you should stay for at least three years. We must have continuity, so that everybody works together as a team."

"And the main base is here, in England?"

"That's right," the group captain said. "At White Waltham. The present plan is that the Monarch intends to spend two months of each year in Australia and two months in Canada. But the main base is at White Waltham. If you want to set up a home, it would probably have to be near there. Are you intending to get married in the near future?"

The pilot shook his head. "No. The colour makes that a bit difficult."

"I see. Well, anyway, the main base is here."

David sat in silence. He knew that it was a tremendous compliment that the job had been offered to him first, a greater compliment than any of his decorations. He knew also that it was practically impossible to refuse it.

"What's the trouble?" the group captain asked at last.

The pilot raised his head. "I'm an Australian," he said, "and not out of the top drawer at that. I'm all right in my own country. They understand about people like me there—especially up in Queensland, my own state. It's just a trip to me, this is. I don't want

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to stay and spend my life in England."

Cox said: "You don't care about this country?"

"Not much," the pilot said.

"Do you like the Commonwealth at all?" asked the group captain. "Do you want Australia to be independent, or to join up with the States?"

David was shocked. Although he took little interest in politics, he had heard of this heresy, and he disliked it very much. "Of course I don't," he said. "We're part of the old country. I only meant that, personally, I'd rather live in Queensland than in England."

"You feel that England still does something for Australia?"

"Of course," said the pilot. "You've only got to look at the 316, or at Rolls-Royce. We couldn't get along without England."

The group captain nodded. "I shall be sorry if you don't join our show," he said. "Perhaps England can't get along so easily without you."

"Without me?" said David.

"You and people like you," said Cox. He paused. "You think we want somebody in the Queen's Flight who knows how to talk to a duchess. One of the Berkeley Boys, but Australian born. Well, that's not what we want at all. Australia is giving this machine to the Queen's Flight, and Her Majesty has asked that the crew shall be Australians. She's no fool . . . Nigger. When she says she wants Australians, she means real Australians—not ones that have been brought up in Mayfair. She's Queen of Australia as well as Queen of England. If you turn down this job, I shall look for another chap like you whose spiritual home is in Wagga-Wagga or Kalgoorlie. But I very much hope that you won't turn it down."

The pilot grinned. "I've got a birth certificate, anyway," he said. "That's something. . . . Can I take an hour or so to think it over?"

"Of course."

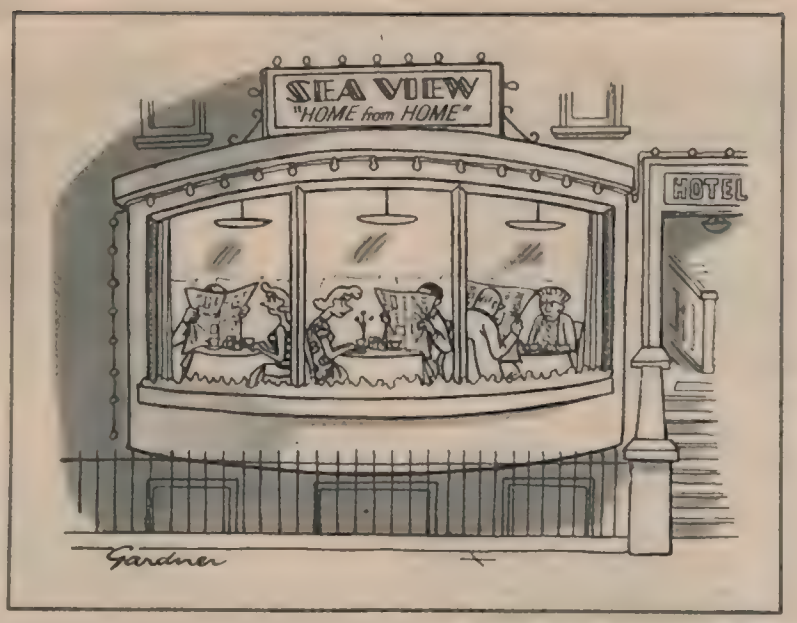
David glanced at his wrist watch. "I'll give you a ring about five o'clock."

He left the Palace, and walked along Pall Mall in deep thought. It was May, and a warm evening. He came to the National Gallery on the north side of Trafalgar Square and crossed the road, and stood for a time looking out over the square at the corner by Canada House, the sheer beauty of the new buildings on the other side. The new Home Office between the Strand and Northumberland Avenue, the pillared white grace of the Ministry of Pensions at the head of Whitehall and Northumberland Avenue, the straight, classic lines of the new Ministry of Fuel and Power at the end of Cockspur Street, still building but already visible through the steel scaffolding.

These people were the greatest engineers, the greatest architects in the whole world, he felt, and now that housebuilding was at a standstill all the energy and talent of their building industry was concentrated on these marvellous public buildings, going up all over England. The new London, with its narrow streets and towering white offices, was fast becoming the most lovely city in the world, with Liverpool and Manchester not far behind. Sydney and Melbourne were shabby and old-fashioned in comparison, and Brisbane puerile, where housebuilding lagged far behind the immigrants.

It said in the papers that things in England were on the upgrade now that the population was reduced by twenty-five per cent. It might be so. From their poverty and hardships they had produced these marvellous things, these shining palaces in London, these superb aeroplanes and aero engines. Their radio and television programmes were the admiration of the world. Australia had now nearly as many people and Australia was a happy and a prosperous country, yet Australia did not produce one tenth the marvels that came out of England.

There were things to be hated, but he venerated these people for their technical achievements. To spend three years or more in England would be like living in a home for incurables, but not to do so would be to miss an opportunity he might regret his whole life through. Difficult.



He thrust his hand down into his pocket, a faint grin on his brown face. There were three coins there, two pennies and a shilling. He pulled them out impulsively and slammed them down upon the granite parapet beside him, and withdrew his hand.

The Queen's head gleamed up at him from all three. The shilling was an old one dated 1963 which showed the head of a young woman; the pennies, one of 1976 and one quite new of 1982, showed her middle-aged and mature. He stared down at them, smiling quietly; the omens were definite. He was glad it had turned out that way. He would not enjoy three years or more away from his own country, but it was impossible to put aside this job.

He swept the coins up into his pocket with a lean brown hand, and turned, and walked back to the R.A.C. He stood in the telephone booth at the turn of the stairs and rang up the group captain in St. James's Palace. "This is Nigger Anderson," he said. "I've thought this over, and I'll take the job if you still want me."

* * *

For the next few months Anderson did very little flying. Deliveries of the 316 could not begin until the prototype was through its trials, and actually it was four months after his appointment to the Queen's Flight that he took delivery of the Australian machine.

In the meantime, however, he found he had a good deal of work upon the ground to do. He consulted with Cox and his opposite number from Canada, a Wing Commander Dewar, and they set up Canadian and Australian offices in the annexe to the hangar housing the Queen's Flight upon White Waltham aerodrome. David moved from Boscombe Down to a small flat over a shop in Maidenhead; it was one advantage of life in England that there was never any difficulty now in getting a house or a flat on easy tenancy and at a very low rent from the National Housing Bureau. He began a series of meetings with the Air Attaché in Australia House to get together an air-crew. Then, with Cox and Dewar, he faced up to the problems of accountancy.

These matters, with a number of others, were thrashed out at a full-dress meeting held in a conference room in St. James's Palace. It was decided that, in principle, accounts for each machine should still pass through the Secretaries' Office in Buckingham Palace for check against the Royal use of the machines, before the separate accounts were sent for payment to the High Commissioners.

"Gee," said Wing Commander Dewar. "This thing'll drive me nuts."

"Too right," said Wing Commander Anderson.

They had a meeting with Group Captain Cox in Major Macmahon's office in Buckingham Palace. It was the first time that either Anderson or Dewar had been inside the Palace and they were properly impressed, with a tendency to walk softly and to talk in a low tone of voice. The Assistant Private Secretary had a large, white painted office looking out upon the Park on the north front; he greeted them cheerfully and they settled down to business. He pressed a button on his desk, and a girl came in, notebook and pencil in hand. "This is Miss Long," he said. The men got up and bowed. "She'll be handling the routine work of this thing when we've got a system going."

For an hour and a half they laboured to design a system to deal with matters of accountancy that were simple to the Assistant Private Secretary and Miss Long, but seemed difficult and complicated to the officers. Finally they got it straightened out, and the three officers got up to go.

Macmahon held them in conversation for a few minutes, asking the Canadian and the Australian about their living accommodation; Dewar was married, and had taken a small house in Maidenhead. Anderson told the Secretary about his flat; then for a time they talked in general about aircrews and their accommodation. Finally Macmahon said to David, "Got your boat yet?"

The pilot smiled. "I've had her about six weeks now. I spend every weekend on her."

"Where do you keep her?"

"In the Hamble River—off Luke's yard."

Miss Long asked, "What sort of boat is she, Commander Anderson?"

Macmahon said, "Rosemary's a great sailor."

The Australian turned to the girl with a new interest. "She's a Bermudian cutter, five and a half ton. She's pretty old; she was built in '53. But she's quite sound still. You sail yourself?"

"Dinghies," she said. "International fourteen footers. I've got a boat at Itchenor, in Chichester Harbour. I've done a bit of cruising with my uncle in a fifteen tonner—I was out with him last weekend."

They talked boating for a while, and David found it very pleasant.

For the next few weeks the pilots moved between their base at White Waltham, the test establishment at Boscombe Down, and the works of the manufacturers at Hatfield. David found that he could get away for most weekends on Friday afternoon to drive down to his little yacht moored in the Hamble River.

One Saturday morning in July he got up early at his moorings in the Hamble River and cooked his breakfast before seven o'clock. He got under way at about eight o'clock and sailed down Southampton Water past Calshot in a moderate south-westerly breeze, and turned westwards down the Solent with the tide. All morning he beat to the west in tacks; as the sun came up the breeze dropped light, but the tide ran stronger.

By lunchtime he was past Hurst Castle, heading out to sea. He hove to off the Needles and had a lunch of ham sandwiches and fruit; then for a couple of hours he cruised up and down the steep cliffs to the southwards of the Needles, fishing for mackerel. He caught three and gave up, having no use for more, and turned into the Solent again on the flowing tide and made for the small town of Yarmouth for the night.

In that fine summer weather Yarmouth was full of yachts moored bow and stern two and three deep to the many piles within the harbour. The harbourmaster in a dinghy showed David a berth and took his warp to help him to make fast; in a quarter of an hour everything was snug. He launched his dinghy from the cabin top and put her astern, and then sat in the cockpit for a time, resting and watching the pageant of the vessels as he smoked.

A girl in a thin shirt and abbreviated shorts rowed down the line of vessels in a dinghy, and rested on her oars opposite Nicolette, his yacht. "Hallo, Commander Anderson," she said quietly.

He stared at her in surprise, and realized that it was Miss Long, in different attire to that which she wore in the Palace. He got to his feet. "Hallo, Miss Long," he exclaimed. "I didn't recognize you."

"I saw you come in," she said. "I'm with my uncle in the outer tier—the black yawl over there. The one with the R.N.S.A. burgee."

"Have you been here long?"

"We got in about half an hour before you did. We've just been messing about in the Solent."

"I came down from the Hamble this morning," David said. "I took the tide down to the Needles and caught a few mackerel and came back here. Would you like to come aboard?"

She smiled. "I'd love to see your boat."

He showed her around, and then they sat smoking in the cockpit, watching the pageant of the yachts and the bustle of the little harbour.

"It's a pretty place, this," he said. "As pretty a little harbour as I've seen."

"I love it," she said. "We often come here. Where did you learn your sailing, Commander?"

He smiled. "I was in a place called Townsville when I was a boy," he said. "That's on the coast of Queensland. I went there when I was twelve years old to work in a shop, delivering the groceries. I used to go sailing a lot at Townsville, out to Magnetic Island and the Barrier Reef, in all sorts of old wrecks. That was before I went into the R.A.A.F." He paused. "Will you have a cup of tea, Miss Long—or a glass of sherry?"

"Sherry's easier," she said. "I'd love a glass of sherry." She hesitated. "The name's Rosemary."

"I'll remember."

"Yours is David, isn't it?"

He went down into the saloon and found the bottle and the glasses, and passed them up to her with an open

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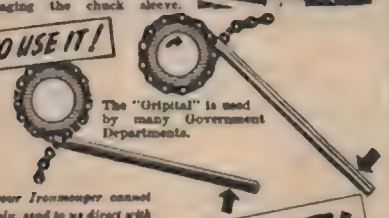

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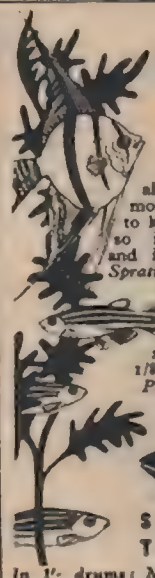

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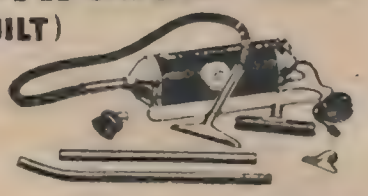

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BRANCHES IN MOST PRINCIPAL TOWNS

"That's right—egg it on!"

tin of tomato juice. "Most people call me Nigger," he said. "Nigger Anderson."

"Why do they call you that?" she said.

"Because my mother was a half-caste," he replied. "I'm a quadroon."

CLIMBING out into the cockpit, he filled her glass with the sherry and his own with tomato juice. He raised his to her. "Here's to the black and white."

"It's pretty mean to call you that," she said. "Not many people do that, do they?"

"Everybody," he said cheerfully. "I'd rather people called me Nigger Anderson than they went creeping round the subject trying to avoid it."

"I see you're big enough to carry it now without it hurting," she said. "It must have hurt a bit when you were younger. Or didn't they do it then?"

"I used to fight them if they said it to hurt," he replied. "I suppose I was rather a tough little boy. I was brought up on the station, because my dad was a stockman. I could rope a steer from horseback when I was ten, and I won a prize at the Croydon rodeo when I was twelve for staying on a bullock."

She stared at him. "But however old were you when you learnt to ride a horse?"

"Three or four, I suppose," he said. "Dad told me once that he thought a boy shouldn't ride alone before he's five because if he fell it might put him off it, but I was riding much sooner than that."

She said curiously, "Did you go to school at all?"

"Not what you'd call school," he replied. "Mrs. Beeman used to teach us—she was the manager's wife, and she'd been a teacher before she married. She had a class for all the kids upon the station. I was up to average when I went to Townsville, I think. They had evening classes there—I went to those."

She sat in silence for a minute, looking at the familiar harbour scene, the crowded yachts. What he had told her all seemed very strange and foreign. "How are you liking England?" she said at last.

He smiled. "Not very much. The job's a bonza one—I wouldn't give that up. But one day I'll be glad to get back home."

"Do you know many people in England?"

"Not many," said the pilot. "But that doesn't worry me. I don't know many people in Australia."

"Would you like to come and have supper with us, in Evadne?" she asked. "There's only my uncle and me—he's a retired captain, R.N."

He hesitated. "It's very kind of you to ask me," he said. "I've got a ham aboard. May I bring it?"

She assented, and they wrapped the ham up and took it into the cockpit.

"How long have you been working at the Palace?" he asked.

"Three years."

"Like it?"

She nodded. "One feels so much in the centre of things. It would be awfully flat working anywhere else, after being there."

He said curiously, "Do you see much of the Queen?"

She laughed. "Not me. Miss Porson usually takes her letters, but mostly she writes in her own hand, or else one of the secretaries writes for her." She paused. "I've seen her often enough, of couse—taking things to Major Macmahon, when he's with her, or passing in the corridor. I don't think she knows my name."

"What's she like?" he asked. "I've only seen her on the pictures."

"You'll be meeting her before long, of course," she said. "She's much smaller than you'd think from photographs." She stared out across the harbour. "She's a very wonderful person," she said quietly. "She's got such courage. . . ."

"Courage?"

"That's what I said." She turned to him, smiling a little. "We're gossiping too much," she said. "That's one of the things we have to learn in our job—not to gossip about our betters. And when I say betters, I mean betters."

She turned to her boat. "Come over about six o'clock," she said. "I think I'll make some ham toasts of this ham. I won't take too much."

She rowed off in her dinghy, and David watched her thread her way between the yachts and climb up on to the deck of the yawl.

HE rowed across later in the evening, and was met by the uncle, a man of about seventy, still lean and athletic, called Captain Osborne. He greeted the Australian warmly, and offered him a drink, but the pilot refused.

"I don't at all," he said. "I never have. But please don't let me stop you."

From the saloon Rosemary said, "I've got some tomato juice. I could make you a tomato juice cocktail."

"I'd like that."

So they sat in the cockpit while the girl cooked dinner, appearing now and then for a glass of sherry with the men and going down again, while the captain drank pink gins and David drank tomato juice.

For half an hour they chatted. Then his host said, "There's one thing about Australia I wish you'd tell me. How does your multiple vote work? It's quite an issue here in England, as perhaps you know."

"I don't really know," said David. "I never thought about it much."

Captain Osborne asked, "Have you

got more than one vote, yourself?"

The pilot nodded. "I'm a three-vote man. Basic, education and foreign travel."

"The basic vote—that's what everybody gets, is it?"

"That's right," the pilot said. "Everybody gets that at the age of twenty-one."

"And education?"

"That's for higher education," David said. "You get it if you take a university degree. There's a whole list of other things you get it for, like being a solicitor or a doctor. Officers get it when they're commissioned. That's how I got mine."

"And foreign travel?"

"That's for earning your living outside Australia for two years. It's a bit of a racket, that one, because in the war a lot of people got it for their war service. I got mine that way."

Rosemary came to the saloon ladder and spoke up to them. "You can get more votes than three, can't you?" she said. "Is it seven?"

DAVID glanced down at her. "The seventh is hardly ever given. Only the Queen can give that."

She nodded. "I know. We get them coming through the office. There are only about ten a year."

"The others are straightforward," David said. "You get a vote if you raise two children to the age of fourteen without getting a divorce. That's the family vote."

"You can't get it if you're divorced?" asked Rosemary, smiling.

"No. That puts you out."

"Do you both get it?"

"Husband and wife both get it," David said.

"What's the fifth one?" asked the captain.

"The achievement vote," said David. "You get an extra vote if your personal exertion income—what you call earned income here—if that was over something or other in the year before the election—five thousand a year, I think. I don't aspire to that one. It's supposed to cater for the man who's got no education and has never been out of Australia and quarrelled with his wife, but built up a big business. They reckon that he ought to have more say in the affairs of the country than his junior typist."

"Maybe. And the sixth?"

"That's if you're an official of a church. Any recognized Christian church—they've got a list of them. You don't have to be a minister. I think churchwardens get it as well as vicars, but I'm really not quite sure. What it boils down to is that you get an extra vote if you're doing a real job for a church."

"That's an interesting one."

"It's never interested *me* much," said the pilot. "I suppose I'm not ambitious. But I think it's quite a good idea, all the same."

"So that's six votes," Captain Osborne said. "The basic vote, and education, and foreign travel, and the family vote, and the achievement

LIFE WITH MOTHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 25—Sybil Thorndike, after a rehearsal in 1924 with her daughter, Ann Casson.

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vote, and the church vote. What's the seventh?"

"That's given at the Queen's pleasure," said David. "It's more like a decoration. You get it if you're such a hell of a chap that the Queen thinks you ought to have another vote."

"Aren't there any rules about getting it?"

"I don't think so," said the pilot. "I think you just get it for being a good boy."

They went down into the cabin of the yawl and sat down to the ham toasts. For a time they talked about yachts and the Solent, and of Rosemary's cooking, and of English food, but Captain Osborne was absent-minded. Presently he brought the conversation back to the Australian system of voting.

"About this multiple voting," he said. "They do it in New Zealand, too, don't they?"

"Yes, I think they do," said David.

"They do it in Canada," said Rosemary. "Most of the Commonwealth have the multiple vote in one form or another, except England."

David smiled. "You're pretty conservative here."

The naval officer nodded slowly. "Yes," he said. "We don't take up new things like that till they're well proved." He paused, and then he said, "Of course, you've got your states. You can try a thing like that out in your state elections, and see how it goes."

"That's how women got the vote in the Commonwealth," Rosemary said. "New Zealand started it, in 1893, and then South Australia gave women the vote in 1894. When the Australian Federal constitution was drafted in 1902 they gave women the vote. They didn't get it in England till 1918."

DAVID stared at her. "Is that right?" he said. "Where did you get it from?"

"It's right enough," the girl said coolly. "I did History at Oxford, and women take an interest in the women's vote. But it was the same with the secret ballot in elections. South Australia started that in 1856, but English voters didn't get a secret ballot till 1872."

"Some time like that," the pilot said. "A bit before my time, and I never did much history. I remember when the multiple vote started, though. It was when I was in Townsville, in 1963. They brought it in for West Australia."

"Why did West Australia start it?" asked Rosemary. "Why not New South Wales, or Queensland?"

"West Australia was always pretty Liberal," the pilot said. "People had been talking about multiple voting for a long time before that. I reckon it was easier to get it through in West Australia."

"How did it come to be taken up by the other States?"

"Aw, look," said David. "West Australia was walking away with everything. We got a totally different sort of politician when we got the multiple vote. Before that, when it was one man one vote, the politicians were all tub-thumping nonentities. Sensible people didn't stand for Parliament, and if they stood they didn't get in. When we got multiple voting we got a better class of politician altogether, people elected by sensible voters."

"And after the multiple voting came in, was it different?"

"My word," said the Australian. "We got some real men in charge. Did the Public Service catch cold! Half of them were out on their ear within a year, and then West Australia started getting all the coal and all the industry away from New South Wales and Victoria. And then these chaps who had been running West Australia started to get into Canberra. In 1973, when the multiple vote came in for the whole country, sixty per cent of the Federal Cabinet were West Australians. It got so they were running every bloody thing."

"Because they were better people?" asked the captain.

"That's right." The pilot paused. "It was multiple voting that made a nation of Australia, I think," he said.

Later in the evening, when he said good night to go back to his own vessel, the captain stayed below and Rosemary went up on deck to see the pilot into his dinghy. The moon was rising over the little town; the harbour bathed in silvery light reflected from the water. The pilot stood on deck, looking around him at the many yachts, the harbour, and the town. "My word," he said quietly. "It's a beautiful place, this."

Beside him the girl said, "You don't like England much, do you?"

"I don't know," he said quietly. "I love the scenery, like this. I'd always want to come back here again to see what's new in aviation, or in engineering, or techniques." He hesitated. "I don't like what I've seen of the way you govern yourselves. I think a lot of that is obsolete and stupid. Your uncle seemed very interested in our way of voting."

"Yes," she said. "It's coming to be quite an issue here, like the women's vote was back at the beginning of the century. I suppose history's going to repeat itself—it usually does. We'll end by copying Australia." She turned to him. "Be careful how you go, Nigger," she said. "Some of the politicians don't care much for the Dominions getting into the Queen's Flight. Be careful not to get mixed up in anything."

He smiled. "I'm here to fly the aeroplane," he said. "I don't intend to get mixed up in British politics."

He stooped and untied the painter of the dinghy. "Thanks for everything, Rosemary," he said. "See you some time at Buck House."

She smiled at him. "Don't go bumping on a rock, or on the Beaulieu spit," she said. "And don't let anybody get you into anything."

"I won't," he said. "Good night, Rosemary."

She said, "Good night, Nigger."

To be continued next week

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J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.9)

94-104 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

AN UMBRELLA FROM THE SEA

Continued from page 11

insistent violence. "I could not take it, Glyn—'tis like a gravestone you have picked up from the sea. 'Tis like a memorial."

"But no, girl, don't be silly. This is salvage picked up from the waves and I have brought it home for my best girl to use on Sundays. See how smart it is."

He twirled and revolved the umbrella, gay as a fairground merry-go-round.

But Susan only turned her back to adjust the spin-wheel of the air inlet to the stove.

From there she answered, her voice rather low in pitch as after a long cry or a sudden disappointment. "It is not yours to give, Glyn. It belongs to the dead lady."

"Well, indeed, here is sentiment for you. One day you are jealous of me going out to save people and the next you are full of conscience about the dead."

"It is that I never understood properly why you had to go out in the boat, Glyn. I never thought you were going to fetch people."

"But you have seen the crews we have brought home? Many's the time you have stood on the quay and watched them come up in the blankets and sipping coffee."

"But that wasn't like this, cariad."

She stood up and turned round, and went on: "What will you do with this, Glyn?"

"Oh, if you will not have it I suppose it will go to a jumble sale, or perhaps on a summer's day us chaps can use it as a parasol on the old boat, the Gwenny Morgan. I dare say we can find some use for it," he said.

"Oh, do not tease about things from the dead, Glyn. It is like joking about a soul or about God."

He folded up the umbrella and tucked it back in his pocket. "You're a rum girl Susan. Brolleys don't go to heaven, no more than boots and shoes do."

"You would not unlace shoes from a dead man."

"Oh, that's different."

She came forward and took off his sou'wester and the gay cap of red wool which was underneath.

"Promise me, Glyn, promise that you will drop that umbrella back into the sea?"

"If it makes you happy, cariad, I will."

She unbuttoned his reefer jacket and said: "The bath is very hot."

"I shall have a treat. I shall shave in it."

He stood up and as he started to kick off his seaboots he went on: "I thought I knew all there was to know about you, Susie. Seems I'm just starting to learn."

"We've been quite strangers, cariad. I thought The Hon. Mrs. Jenkins was our enemy, but maybe she is our best friend, teaching us how the bottom of our hearts work."

"You speak very cleverly, Susan," he said. "I am almost frightened of you."

Suddenly she knew why she loved him so, for he was simple and there were no corners to his mind. As if dealing with a Saturday-night child, she opened the door to the hall and the stairs with a jerk of her hand and said:

"Water's piping hot, cariad, and there are clean clothes in the airing cupboard."

Obediently, he walked by her and went upstairs to his bath. And in the bath, as his tiredness seeped away with the night's grime, he was suddenly made joyful by the sounds coming from the kitchen. She was washing the dishes in the new sink and singing an old Welsh folk song. He knew then why he was happy, for he was a sailor starting on a voyage of discovery; and the sounds from below were the ordinary ones of such an adventure.

THE END

FLY to the RIVIERA SUNSHINE for YOUR HOLIDAY!

HERE, ready for a dip in the warm and welcoming Mediterranean, are some of last year's JOHN BULL guests at Menton. Among them (second from left) is Mrs. P. Payne, 17 North Avenue, West Worthing, winner of £500 plus Riviera holiday for two. "I shall never be able to express all my feelings about that wonderful holiday," she says. "From beginning to end, it was *perfect*!"

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headed by "Bullets"

This summer or next, as you please, *you* can enjoy a £100 holiday for two at any Riviera resort. Your trip to France's holiday paradise goes with this week's £500 for the best *Bullet*—and that can be the words you post on your coupon below!

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Added to £500 cash First Prize is JOHN BULL'S invitation to enjoy this summer, or next, a £100 Holiday Trip for Two to any resort on the sunny French Riviera. Arrangements by Cooks include comfortable travel (by B.E.A. if you wish), good hotel accommodation, grand sightseeing excursions — everything for a perfect holiday!

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£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.

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Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Her Majesty
Life's Sunshine
They're On Holiday, So
One Blessing
Hate, The Destroyer
Our Weakness
For The Children's Sake
Flourishing
The Coronation's Over, But
Sure To Come
In The Great Open Spaces
Human Tornado
To Be On The Safe Side
Slowly And Painfully
Won His Spurs
Grandpa Went To Paris And
Panic In The Pavilion
Known To The Police
Our Tabby
Digging Up The Past

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

In The Best.....
.....As We Are
When Mrs. Mop.....
"Here Comes The.....!"
Any Old.....
Put.....In The Shade

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,890 (or Xword 842), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets Winners" 1,885

FIRST PRIZE, £500: P. Cassidy, 31 Clyde Drive, Shotts:

The Bookie's Mansion Next "Cuckoo" *Did* Build!

£50: V. M. Bale, 94 Redcatch Road, Knowle, Bristol: AT THE FLICK OF A SWITCH — POWER — THANK BRAWNY ARMS!

£25: W. Beardsley, 15 Mundy Street, Ilkeston: EAGERLY AWAITED—"BEAR'S" OFFER—"KANGAROO'S" BID.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: Mrs. C. Constance, 425 High Street, Cheltenham: COMING TO THE SURFACE—OF CANAL, OLD "JACKBOOT"? £9: J. Pritchard, 19 Wallasey Road, Wallasey, Cheshire: EAGERLY AWAITED — "RESULTS" — WE'VE "BACKED" *Sonny*, £8: J. L. Steel, 27 Clinton Road, Leatherhead, Surrey: THE COST OF CHAMPAGNE—*Air*—MERE BUS FARE! £7: B. Anner, 26 Strong Close Way, Keighley: THE BOOKIE'S BLACKBOARD—SURROUNDED—THEY'LL NEVER "LEARN"! £6: S. Shuttleworth, 19 Derbyshire Avenue, Stretford: PROSPERITY'S FEAST—WHEN THE "KILLING'S" OVER? £5: J. T. Cole, 12 Trawl Market, Lowestoft: CORONATION SOUVENIR — VILLAGE COMMUNIST'S BLACK EYE! £5: A. Newnham, 36 Popes Lane, South Ealing, W.5: HORRIFIED—BUT HAPPY—GLIMPSED *Murderer*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. All above cash winners also received Coronation Feast. 1,550 other Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 11 and in JOHN BULL dated July 18), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 4, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,890 result.)

FINE HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — XWORD 842

1. Don't underestimate the value of really good
3. Digging up this of fence, one may find it pretty rotten
5. Many a lady's lapdog is too often on this
8. Great many ornamental ponds are stocked with
10. May prove to be sage
11. Gangster's doesn't usually last long
12. One thinks of this as narrow
13. It's not enough for fine act to be acknowledged by

Down Clues

1. There's very often an absence of colour about one
2. Letters can go right through kind of this
3. Public generally has little idea of the amount that goes into make-up of its favourite film-stars
4. It's surprising what such a person will put up with quite cheerfully
6. Make many a housewife sigh when she's spring-cleaning
7. Many clerical workers complain that their job gives them little scope or
9. When things get out of control, it's enough to make many a man lose his

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£25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to

25 SURPRISE PARCELS

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Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 837 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. Across: 1, Boor. 3, Bull. 6, Boots. 10, Panes. 11, Pun. 14, Waster. 15, Exports. DOWN: 2, Robes. 4, Loam. 5, Harp. 7, Head. 8, Bonny. 9, Heap. 12, Mite. 13, Herd.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: G. Little, 55 Holmrook Road, Liverpool.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by nine entrants who also received Coronation Cakes. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 4.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **842** Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 22

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B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

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1,890 Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 22

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 4. **703**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

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Ah! Kensitas— that's Good!

Although this signpost doesn't serve
To guide them as it should,
They look upon it as a sign
For Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas—the fresher, smoother cigarette)

Outside his sentry box all day,
Erect, this guardsman stood,
But best of all he likes a box
Of Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas taste better)

It's ripe, mellow tobacco that makes
Kensitas so good to smoke

OUR BELIEF, THE FINEST LEAF... KENSITAS—THAT'S GOOD!